

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

VOLUME SECOND.

*When we behold her angel face,
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear and what we see
How ravishing's the harmony!
No charms like Celia's voice surprise,
Except the music of her eyes.*

LANDSDOWN.

SONG I.

A NYMPH of the plain,
By a jolly young swain,
By a jolly young swain,
Was address'd to be kind:
But relentless I find
To his prayers she appear'd,
Tho' himself he endear'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.
How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express;
But he lov'd to excess,
And swore he would die,
If she would not comply,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

While blushes like roses,
 Which nature composes,
 Which nature composes,
 Vermilion'd her face,
 With an ardour and grace,
 Which her lover improv'd,
 When he found he had mov'd,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
 Which their souls did employ,
 Which their souls did employ,
 From her ruby-warm lips,
 Thousand odours he sips,
 At the sight of her eyes
 He faints and he dies,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Till he vow'd to his fair,
 That to ease his own care,
 He would meet her again,
 And 'till then be in pain,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

SONG II.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.
 Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain;

But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both,
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.
Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
That I may see and know thy lies,
And laugh one day perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy love will scorn,
And prove as false as thou art now.

SONG III.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the God of love I sue,
Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do :
Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes,
The remainder still will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.
Shape and feature, flame and passion,
Still in every breast will move,
More is supererogation,
Mere idolatry of love :
You may dress a world of Chloes
In the beauties she can spare ;
Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
To your altars, or the fair.
Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
Angry Cupid made reply,
Do Florella's charms displease you,
Die then, foolish mortal, die :
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating store ;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thousand beauties more.

Where Florella proud and four,
Apt to mock a lover's care ;
Justly then you'd pray that power
Shou'd be taken from the fair :
But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find ;
Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her
For the beauties of her mind.

SONG IV.

TEN years, like Troy, my stubborn heart
Withstood th' assault of fond desire :
But now, alas ! I feel a smart,
Poor I, like Troy, am set on fire.
With care we may a pile secure,
And from all common sparks defend :
But oh ! who can a house secure,
When the celestial flames descend ?
Thus was I safe, till from your eyes
Destructive fires are brightly given ;
Ah ! who can shun the warm surprise,
When lo ! the light'ning comes from heaven.

SONG V.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare ;
When she smiles I fear dissembling,
When she frowns I then despair.
Jealous of some rival lover,
If a wand'ring look she give ;
Fain I would resolve to leave her,
But can sooner cease to live.
Why should I conceal my passion,
Or the torments I endure ?
I will disclose my inclination :
Awful distance yields no cure.

Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave ;
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.
 Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat :
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

SONG VI.

My days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream :
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.
 But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught :
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fixt upon my thought.
 An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul ;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
 The fav'rite of my soul.
 Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair,
And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.
'Tis true the passion in my mind
Is mixt with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

SONG. VII.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.
William, who, high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.
Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell, the sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go :

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye,

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay a-board ;
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG VIII.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as winds when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing, as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun,
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring, her note renews ;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies :
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
 And marble towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
 Twin-born from heaven together came :
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.

SONG IX.

FAIR Iris and her swain
 Were in a shady bower,
 Where Thirsis long in vain
 Had sought the happy hour.

At length, his hand advancing
 Upon her snowy breast,
 He said, O ! kiss me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 If you would make me blest.

IRIS.

An easy yielding maid
 By trusting is undone,
 Our sex is oft betray'd
 By granting love too soon;
 If you desire to gain me,
 Your sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

THIRSI.

The little care you show,
 Of all my sorrows past,
 Makes death appear too slow,
 And life too long to last;
 Oh, Iris ! kiss me kindly,
 In pity of my fate,
 Fair Iris, kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly,
 Before it be too late.

IRIS.

You fondly court your bliss,
 And no advances make;
 'Tis not for maids to kiss,
 But 'tis for men to take:
 So you may kiss me kindly,
 And I will not rebel,
 Thirsis may kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly;
 But never kiss and tell.

ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kiss you kindly?
 Yes you may kiss me kindly.

And kindly still and kindly ?
And kindly still and kindly,
And will you not rebel ?
And I will not rebel.
Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly,
Kindly still and kindly,
But never kiss and tell.

SONG X.

AH ! bright Belinda, hither fly,
And such a light discover,
As may the absent sun supply,
And cheer the drooping lover.
Arise, my day, with speed arise,
And all my sorrows banish :
Before the sun of thy bright eyes,
All gloomy terrors vanish.
No longer let me sigh in vain,
And curse the hoarded treasure :
Why should you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleasure ?
The petty powers of hell destroy,
To save's the pride of heaven :
To you the first, if you prove coy ;
If kind, the last is given.
The choice then sure's not hard to make,
Betwixt a good and evil :
Which title had you rather take,
My Goddess, or, my Devil ?

SONG XI.

FILE ! Liza, scorn the little arts,
Which meaner beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
Unless they still refuse ;

Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown,
 To raise our passion higher ;
 But when the poor delight is known,
 It quickly palls desire.

Come let's not trifle time away,
 Or stop you know not why ;
 Your blushes and your eyes betray
 What death you mean to die !
 Let all your maiden fears be gone,
 And love no more be crost :
 Ah ! Liza, when the joys are known,
 You'll curse the minutes past.

SONG XII.

Be wary, my Celia, when Celadon sues,
 These wits are the bane of your charms :
 Beauty, play'd against reason, will certainly lose,
 Warring naked with robbers in arms.
 Young Damon despis'd for his plainness of parts,
 Has worth that a woman would prize ;
 He'll run the race out, though he heavily starts,
 And distance the short-winded wife.
 Your fool is a saint in the temple of love,
 And kneels all his life there to pray ;
 Your wit but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
 'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

SONG XIII.

STELLA and Flavia, every hour,
 Do various hearts surprise ;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.
 More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store :
Thy charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.

SONG XIV.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em ;
But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely ;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,

And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named :
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
When Christmas comes about again,
O ! then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up and box it all,
And give it to my honey :
And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
My master and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ;
But when my seven long years are out,
O ! then I'll marry Sally,
O ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But ay not in our alley.

SONG XV.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years ?
You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears,
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly
Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
 Chace her, and praise her if fair or brown;
 Sooth her and smoothe her,
 And tease her and please her,
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men?
 With the front of assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly briskly
 Put in her mind, how her time steals on!
 Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,
 And show her some hour
 You are able to grapple,
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety;
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

SONG XVI.

SHE

Oh love! if a god thou wilt be,
 Do justice in favour of me;
 For yonder approaching I see,
 A man with a beard,
 Who, as I have heard,
 Hath often undone
 Poor maids that have none,
 With sighing and toying,
 And crying and lying,
 And such kind of foolery.

Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleasure to meet you here :
 Pray tremble not so,
 Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I swear,
I'll do you no harm I swear.

SHE.

My mother is spinning at home,
My father works hard at the loom,
And we are a milking come ;
 Their dinner they want ;
 Then pray ye, Sir, don't
 Make more ado on't,
 Nor give us affront ;
 We're none of the town
 Will ly down for a crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us room.

HE.

By Phœbus and Jove,
By honour and love,
I'll do thee, dear sweet, no harm ;
 Ye're as fresh as a rose,
 I want one of those ;
Ah ! how such a wife would charm,
Ah ! how such a wife would charm.

SHE.

And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honest and dull,
And marry, and look like a fool ?
 For I must be plain,
 All tricks are in vain ;
 There's nothing can gain
 What you would obtain,
 Like moving and proving,
 By wedding, true loving,
My lesson learnt at school.

HE.

I'll do it by this hand,
 I've houses and land,
 Estate too in good free-hold ;
 My dear, let us join ;
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good purse of gold,
 Besides a good purse of gold.

SHE.

You make me to blush now, I vow,
 Ah me ! shall I baulk my cow ?
 But since the late oath you have sworn,
 Your soul shall not be
 In danger for me ;
 I'll rather agree
 Of two to make three :
 We'll wed, and we'll bed,
 There's no more to be said
 And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

 SONG XVII.

MAIDEN, fresh as a rose,
 Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
 Take no spouse among beaux,
 Fond of their raking quality ;
 He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his pericrane,
 And with nose full of snuff,
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein.
 Who, to dames of high place,
 Does prattle like any parrot too ;
 Yet with doxies a brace
 At night pigs in a garret too ;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine show to carry thee :
 Plainly friend, thou'rt undone,
 If such a creature marry thee.

Then for fear of a bribe,
 Of flatt'ring noise and vanity,
 Yoke a lad of our tribe,
 He'll show the best humanity :
 Flashy thou wilt find love,
 In civil as well as secular ;
 But when the spirit doth move,
 We have a gift particular.
 Though our graveness is pride,
 That boobys the more may venerate,
 He who gets a good bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate ;
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee ;
 Then to be happy and wise,
 Take yea and nay to marry thee.

SONG XVIII.

LAST Sunday at St James's pray'rs,
 The prince and princess by,
 I, dress'd all in my whale-bone airs,
 Sat in a closet nigh.
 I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
 Read all the answers o'er ;
 But was perverted by a look,
 Which pierc'd me from the door.
 High thoughts of heaven I came to use,
 With the devoutest care ;
 Which gay young Strephon made me lose,
 And all the raptures there.
 He wait to hand me to my chair,
 And bow'd with courtly grace ;
 But whisper'd love into mine ear,
 Too warm for that grave place.
 Love, love, said he, by all ador'd,
 My tender heart has won :
 But I grew peevish at the word,
 Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of sight, while I
 A kinder answer meant ;
 Nor did I for my sins that day,
 By half so much repent.

SONG XIX.

Love, thou art the best of human joys,
 Our chiefest happiness below ;
 All other pleasures are but toys,
 Music without thee is but noise,
 Beauty but an empty show.
 Heaven that knew best what men could move,
 And raise his thoughts above the brute,
 Said, let him be, and let him love,
 That only must his soul improve,
 Howe'er philosophers dispute.

SONG XX.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And while a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head.
 The wind that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
 And the brook in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.
 Alas ! silly swain that I was ;
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,
 When she smil'd it was pleasure too great ;
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !
 How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,

Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!
What though I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.
All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.
If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypresses and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.
Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG XXI.

'Twas when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd,
Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She cast a wishful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.
Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days :
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest :
Ah ! what's that troubled motion,
To that within my breast ?
The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear !
Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.
How can you say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eye these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.
All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear :

When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corps she spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SONG XXII.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
In chastity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan:
To doleful shades I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
In lonely walks of willow green,

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such soft persuasive language hung,
That when his words had silence broke,
You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.
Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my cost,
She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
A snake may hide, or take its birth;
So his false breast, conceal it did
His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
'Tis false to say, we happy are,
Since men delight thus to ensnare;
In man no woman can be blest,
Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my Damon, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my spring of joy:
But, whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
Methinks I hear you answer thus,
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
 But is a witness of my love :
 Now all the bleeters on the plain
 Seem sympathisers in my pain ;
 Echo's repeat my plaintive moans ;
 The waters imitate my groans ;
 The trees their bending boughs recline,
 And droop their heads as I do mine.

 SONG XXIII.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone :
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan,
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my lov'd is gone.
 Time, I dare thee to discover,
 Such a youth and such a lover :
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature ;
 Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting kisses,
 Murm'ring blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?
 Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore ;
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 To befriend me,
 Death, come, end me,
 Love and Damon are no more.

SONG XXIV.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow) ;
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.
The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.
Clarinda came among the rest,
And she too, kind concern exprest,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
She ask'd, but with an air and mein,
As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.
The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell ?
'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
 You are the cause of all my care :
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart ;
 I love, and I despair.
Too much, Alexis, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;
But you shall promise, ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG XIV.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?
Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?
Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

SONG XXVI.

My friend and I,
We drank whole pifs-pots
Full of sack up to the brim:
I drank to my friend,
And he drank his pot,
So we put about the whim:
Three bottles and a quart
We swallow'd down our throat,
(But hang such puny sips as these);
We laid us all along,
With our mouths unto the bung,
And tipt whole hogsheds off with ease.
I heard of a fop,
That drank whole tankards,
Styl'd himself the prince of fots:
But I say now, hang
Such silly drunkards,
Melt their flagons, break their pots.

My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine,
And we drank the vintner out of door ;
We drank it all up
In a morning, at a sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.
My friend to me
Did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage skip :
Then we embark'd
Upon the ocean,
Where we found a Spanish ship
Deep laden with wine,
Which was superfine,
The sailors swore five hundred tun ;
We drank it all at sea,
Ere we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone,
My friend not having
Quench'd his thirst,
Said, Lets to the vineyards haste :
Straight then we sail'd
To the Canaries,
Which afforded just a taste ;
From thence unto the Rhine,
Where we drank up all the wine,
Till Bacchus cry'd, Hold ye fots, or you die,
And swore he never found,
In his universal round,
Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.
Out fie ! cries one,
What a beast he makes him,
He can neither stand nor go :
Out you beast, you,
You're much mistaken,
When e'er knew you a beast drink so ?
'Tis when we drink the least,
That we drink most like a beast ;
But when we carouse it fix in hand ;

'Tis then, and only then,
That we drink most like men,
When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

SONG XXVII.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
And money be the miser's wish,
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore fill us the cheering bowls.
Let minions marshal every hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear :
 Pure wine is native red and white :
 'Tis wine, &c.
The backward spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull,
Opens the heart that loves to fave,
And kindness flows from cups brim full :
 'Tis wine, &c.
Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and others wealth ;
But they want nothing that are drunk :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore give us the cheering bowls.

SONG XXVIII.

FAREWELL, my bonny, bonny, witty pretty Maggy,
And a' the rosy lasses milking on the Down :
Adieu the flowery meadows, aft sae dear to Jocky,
The sports and merry glee of Edinborow town :
Since French and Spanish louns stand at bay,
And valiant lads of Britain hold 'em play,
My reap-hook I maun quite cast away,
And fight too like a man,
 Among 'em for our royal queen Anne.

Each carle of Irish mettle battles like a dragon :
 The Germans waddle, and straddle to the drum ;
 The Italian and the butter bowzy Hogan Mogan :
 Good faith then, Scottish Joëky mauna ly at hame :
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld Monsieur down,
 I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
 To shew that Scotland can
 Excel 'em for our royal Queen Anne.
 Then welcome from Vigo,
 And cudgelling Dôn Diego,
 With strutting rascallions,
 And plundering the galleons :
 Each brisk valiant fellow
 Fought at Rondondellow,
 And those who did meet
 With the Newfoundland fleet ;
 When for late successes,
 Which Europe confesses,
 At land by our gallant commanders :
 The Dutch in strong beer,
 Should be drunk for a year,
 With their general's health in Flanders.

 SONG XXIX.

THE ordnance a-board,
 Such joys does afford,
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
 No mortal e'er more can desire :
 Each member repairs
 From the Tower to the stairs,
 And by water whush, and by water whush,
 By water they all go to fire.
 Of each piece that's a-shore,
 They search from the bore :
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather :

Their glasses are large,
And whene'er they discharge,
There's a boo huzza, a boo huzza, a boo huzza,
Guns and bumpers go off together.
Old Vulcan for Mars,
Fitted tools for his wars,
To enable him, enable him, enable him,
Enable him to conquer the faster :
But Mars, had he been
Upon our Woolwich green,
To have heard boo huzza, boo huzza, boo huzza,
He'd have own'd great Marlborough his master.

SONG XXX.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
But drink your glass,
Round let it pass,
The bottle stands before ye :
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.
If claret be a blessing,
This night devote to pleasure ;
Let worldly cares,
And state affairs,
Be thought on at more leisure ;
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with joy be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.
If any is so zealous,
To be a party minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll soon agree,
And be of one opinion :

Fill your glafs, name your lafs,
See her health go fweetly round,
Drink about, fee it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

SONG XXXI.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glafs then around with the fun, boys,
Let Apollo's example invite us,
For he's drunk every night,
That makes him fo bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.
Drinking's a Christian diverfion,
Unknown to Turk and the Perfian :
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenifh rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee ;
While the brave Britons fmg,
And drink healths to their king,
And a fig for their fultan and fophy.

SONG XXXII.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
With my friend I'll be drinking,
And with vigour purfue my delight ;
While the fool is defigning,
His fatal confining,
With Bacchus I'll fpend the whole night.
With the god I'll be jolly,
Without madnefs and folly,
Fickle woman to marry implore ;
Leave my bottle and friend,
For fo foolifh an end !
When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG XXXIII.

CELIA, let not pride undo you,
Love and life fly swiftly on;
Let not Damon still pursue you,
Still in vain, till love is gone:
See how fair the blooming rose is,
See by all how justly priz'd,
But when it its beauty loses,
See the wither'd thing despis'd.
When those charms that youth have lent you,
Like the roses are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!
Die a maid! die a maid! die a maid!
Celia you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a maid!

SONG XXXIV.

I'LL range around the shady bowers,
And gather all the sweetest flowers;
I'll strip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.
When in the sultry heat of day,
My thirsty nymph does panting ly,
I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the stream that she may drink.
At night, when she shall weary prove,
A grassy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.
And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
Myself shall never close those eyes;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as cheerful day,
 Dispels the gloomy shades away,
 Forth to the forest I'll repair,
 And find provision for my fair.
 Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing pleasure with delight :
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can ease for her procure.
 But if the maid whom thus I love
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
 And never think of woman more.

SONG XXXV.

THOUGH cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true ;
 Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven it would be !
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah ! you're an angel to me :
 Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go :
 That arm, like a lily so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.
 Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.
 But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 O ! let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

SONG XXXVI.

FROM rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,

Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly ;

Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move

With tender passion my heart's darling joy :

Ah ! let the soul of music tune my voice,

To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing

Is, to be brisk and airy,

With a step and a bound,

And a frisk from the ground,

I'll trip like any fairy :

As once on Ida dancing,

Were three celestial bodies,

With an air and a face,

And a shape and a grace,

Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,

Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;

Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,

Falls on my breast ; black winds in tempests blow :

My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;

My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,

And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,

Shall I thaw myself, or drown

Amongst the foaming billows,

Increasing all with tears I shed ;

On beds of ooze and crystal pillows

Lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,

That soon my heart will warm ;

When once the sense is fled,

Love has no power to charm :

Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,

My robes and locks shall thus be tore ;

A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,

Ere thus in vain ! ere thus in vain adore.

SONG XXXVII.

OH! lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but sighing lovers come,
Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
But one eternal hush goes round.

There let me sooth my pleasing pain,
And never think of war again;
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be still a slave.

SONG XXXVIII.

OH! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never sound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave?

SONG XXXIX.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask a favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

SONG XL.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give ;
But different fates ere night fulfil :
How many by his warmth will live !
How many will her coldness kill !

SONG XLI.

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis
Sat in a lonely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
Repeating tales of love,
And something else, but what I dare not name.
But, as they were a-playing,
She ogled so the swain,
It sav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kifs to ease our pain, &c.
A thousand times he kifs'd her
Upon the flow'ry green :
But as he further prest her,
A pretty leg was seen, &c.
So many beauties viewing,
His ardour still increas'd ;
And, greater joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.
A last effort she trying,
His passion to withstand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)
Pray take away your hand, &c.
Young Corydon grown bolder,
The minutes wou'd improve ;
This is the time he told her,
To shew how much I love, &c.
The nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in am'rous heat ;
She kifs'd, and told him sighing,
My dear, your love is great, &c.

But Phillis did recover
 Much sooner than the swain;
 She blushing, ask'd her lover,
 Shall we not kiss again? &c.
 Thus love his revels keeping,
 Till nature at a stand,
 From talk they fell to sleeping,
 Holding each other's hand, &c.

 SONG XLII.

SEE, fee, my Seraphina comes,
 Adorn'd with every grace;
 Look, gods, from your celestial dome,
 And view her charming face.
 Then search, and see, if you can find,
 In all your sacred groves,
 A nymph or goddess so divine,
 As she whom Strephon loves.

 SONG XLIII.

SHE.

PRAY now, John, let Jug prevail,
 Doff thy sword, and take a flail;
 Wounds, and blows, and scorching heat,
 Will abroad be all you'll get.

HE.

'Zounds! you are mad, ye simple jade,
 Begone, and don't prate.

SHE.

How think ye I shall do,
 With Hob and Sue,
 And all our brats when wanting you?

HE.

When I am rich with plunder,
 Thou my gain shall share.

SHE.

My share will be but small, I fear,
When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
And the flea flints the Germans strip 'em bare.

HE.

Mind your spinning,
Mend your linen,
Look to your cheefe, you,
Your pigs and your geese too.

SHE.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

HE.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping,
Is the fatal word, Joan.

SHE.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

HE.

Morbleau! that huff shall never do.

SHE.

Come, come, John, let's buss and be friends,
Thus still, thus love's quarrel ends;
I my tongue sometimes let run,
But, alas! I soon have done.

HE.

'Tis well you're quash'd
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my name is John.

SHE.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

HE.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

SHE.

Grow great !

And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unless the pamper'd French you beat :

Ah John ! Take care, John !

And learn more wit.

HE.

Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And like vermin,
Grudge my preferment ?

SHE.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

HE.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must rattle ;

I'll be gone, and straight abroad.

SHE.

Do, do, and so shall Hob and Sue,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

SONG XLVIV.

HE.

SINCE times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet-heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune as other folks do,

Since some have from ditches,

And coarse leather breeches,

Been rais'd to be rulers,

And wallow'd in riches,

Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel ;

For if the gipsies don't lie,

I shall be a governor too ere I die.

SHE.

Ah Colin ! by all thy late doings I find,
With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind ;

Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now Sunday's jacket goes every day on ;
 Ah ! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st
 thou mean !

HE. To make my shoes clean,
 And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
 Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

SHE.

Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin ;
 For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,
 Thou'll find nothing got there unless thou can'st buy ;
 For money, the devil and all's to be found,
 But no good parts minded without the good pound.

HE.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
 Hunt honour, that now a-days plaguily charms.

SHE.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
 And curse thyself after for leaving the plow.

HE.

Suppose I turn gamester ?

SHE.

So chat and be bang'd.

HE.

What think'st thou of the road then ?

SHE.

The high way to be hang'd.

HE.

Nice pimping however yields profit for life ;
 I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

SHE.

That's dangerous too amongst the town crew :
 For some of them will do the same thing by you ;
 And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in ;
 Faith, Colin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

HE.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st thou of the
 [law?

SHE.

Oh ! while you live, Colin, keep out of that paw.

HE.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

SHE.

Ah ! there's nought got that way :
 There's noone minds now what these black cattle say,
 Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

HE.

To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

BOTH.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

SHE.

So I'll to my distaff,

HE.

And I'll to my plow.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole care, &c.

SONG XLV.

HE.

WHERE oxen do low,
 And apple-trees grow ;
 Where corn is sown,
 And grafs is mown,
 Fate, give me for life a place.

SHE.

Where hay's well cock'd,
 And udders are stroak'd ;
 Where duck and drake
 Cry, quack, quack, quack ;
 Where turkeys lay eggs,
 And swine suckle pigs :
 Oh ! there would I pass my days.

HE.

On nought we will feed,
 But what we can breed :

SHE.

And wear on our backs
The wool of our flocks ;
And though linen feel
Rough, spun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

HE.

Town follies and cullies,
And Mollies and Dollies,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

SHE.

And beaux, that in boxes,
Lie smuggling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

HE.

Good b'ye to the mall,
The park and canal,
St. James's square,
And flaunters there,
The gaming-house too,
Where high dice and low
Are manag'd by all degrees.

SHE.

Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled last night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his spouse,
And then in great haste,
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

HE.

And well fare the lad
Improves ev'ry clod,
Who ne'er sets his hand
To bill or to bond :

SHE.

Nor barter his flocks
For wine or the pox,
To chouse him of half his days.

HE.

But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever.

SHE.

Whose lips when you bufs 'em,
Smell like the bean blossom ;
Oh ! he 'tis shall have my praise.

HE.

To taverns, where goes
Sour apples and floes,
A long adieu !
And farewell too
The house of the great,
Whose cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirst.

SHE

Farewell to the change,
Where rantipoles range ;
Farewell, cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hyde-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choaked with dust.

HE.

Farewell the law-gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That shou'd be run down.

SHE.

With city jack-daws,
That make staple laws,
'To measure by yards and ells.

HE.

Stock-jobbers and fwobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever :
We know what you're doing ;
And home we are going ;
And so you may ring your bells.

SONG XLVI.

HE.

OF all comforts I miscarried,
When I play'd the sot and married :
'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't ;
Those that are in would fain get out on't.

SHE.

Fie ! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take, and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

HE.

'Oons ! 'tis all one if I'm up or ly down,
For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone,

SHE.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone ?

HE.

From your arms myself divorcing,
I this morn must ride a coursing,
A sport that far excels a madam,
Of all the wives have been since Adam.

SHE.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you ;
And whilst you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

HE.

Pox, what care I ! drink your fops till you die.
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

SHE.

If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted ;
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

HE.

Ere I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred ;
To be sober I've no leifure,
What's a man without his pleasure ?

SHE.

To my grief then I must see,
 Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be ;
 Whilst you carouse it with your blades
 Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

HE.

Zounds! you may go to your gossips, you know,
 And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
 Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

SONG XLVII.

PRETTY parrot, say, when I was away,
 And in dull absence past the day,

What at home was doing ?

With chat and play,

We were gay

Night and day,

Good cheer and mirth renewing ;

Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,

And like a saucy lover would

Court and tease my lady?

A thing you know,

Made for show,

Call'd a beau,

Near her was always ready,

Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,

And how she could with patience bear

All he did and utter'd ?

He still address'd,

Still caress'd,

Kiss'd and press'd,

Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd, and flutter'd :

Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of the day,
 Or did he ever use to stay,
 In a corner dodging ?
 The want of light,
 When 'twas night
 Spoil'd my sight ;
 But I believe his lodging
 Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

 SONG XLVIII.

Sung by Pinkanello, Merry Andrew to Leverigo
 the Mountebank Doctor.

HERE are people and sports,
 Of all sizes and sorts,
 Coach'd damsel and 'squire,
 And mob in the mire,
 Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
 Lords, ladies, fows babies,
 And loobies in scores ;
 Some hawling, some bawling,
 Some leering, some fleering,
 Some loving, some shoving,
 With legions of furbelow'd whores ;
 To the tavern some go,
 And some to a show,
 See poppets for moppets,
 Jack puddens for cuddens,
 Rope-dancing, mares prancing,
 Boats flying, quacks lying,
 Pick-pockets, pick-plackets,
 Beasts, butchers, and beaux,
 Fops prattling, dice rattling,
 Rooks shaming, putts damning,
 Whores painted, masks tainted,
 In tally-man's furbelow'd clothes.
 The mob's joys would you know,
 To yon music-house go,

See tailors and failors,
 Whores oily and doily,
 Here music makes you sick ;
 Some skipping, some tripping,
 Some smoking, some joking,
 Like spiggit and tap ;
 Short measure, strange pleasure,
 Thus billing and swilling,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

THE SECOND PART.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a doctor rare,
 Who travels much at home !
 Here, take my pills, they cure all ills,
 Past, present, and to come ;
 The cramp, the stitch, the squirt, the itch,
 The gout, the stone, the pox,
 The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
 And all Pandora's box :
 Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell :
 Let the palsy shake ye,
 Let the cholic rack ye,
 Let the crinkrums break ye,
 Let the murrain take ye,
 Take this, take this, and you are well :
 Thousands, &c.

Come, wits so keen, devour'd with spleen,
 And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
 Great belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
 And pepper'd vizard cracks ;
 I soon remove the pains of love,
 and cure the amorous maid,
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
 The living and the dead ;

I clear the lafs with wainfcot face,
And from pim-ginets free
Plump ladies red like Saracen's head,
With toping ratafie.
This with a jerk, will do your work,
And fcour you o'er and o'er ;
Read, judge, and try ; and if you die,
Never believe me more.

SONG XLIX. —

Oh ! the charming month of May,
When the breezes
Fan the trees, is
Full of bloffoms fresh and gay ;
Oh ! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May,
Oh ! what joys our prospects yield,
When in new livery,
We fee every
Bush and meadow, tree and field ;
Oh ! what joys, &c. Charming joys, &c.
Oh ! how fresh the morning air,
When the zephyrs,
And the heifers
Their odorif'rous breath compare ;
Oh ! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.
Oh ! how sweet at night to dream
On mossy pillows,
By the trillows
Of a gentle purling fream.
Oh ! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.
Oh ! how kind the country lafs,
Who her cow bilking,
Leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grafs ;
O how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the conclusion,
 Her deep confusion,
 Blushing cheeks and downcast eye :
 Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.
 Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her lover,
 Who on the skimming-dish carves her name.
 Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.

SONG L.

CUPID, god of pleasing anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know.
 Heroes would be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

SONG LI.

My Chloe, why do ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have ?
 No more with frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a slave :
 Good-nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful lover,
 I'll be no more a rover,
 But constant to my grave.
 Could we but change conditions,
 My grief would all be flown ;
 Were I the kind physician,
 And you the patient grown :
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well-shap'd, and also witty,
 Enforc'd with generous pity,
 Then make my case your own.

The silver swan, when dying,
Has most melodious lays,
Like him, when love is flying,
In songs I'll end my days :
But know, thou cruel creature,
My soul shall mount the fleeter,
And I shall sing the sweeter,
By warbling forth thy praise.

SONG LII.

IN this grove my Strephon walk'd,
Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd :
Here he lov'd, &c.

In this place his loss I prove,
A sad remembrance of our love,
O! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my Strephon stray'd,
Here he smil'd and there betray'd ;
Here he smil'd, &c.

Ev'ry whisp'ring breeze can tell,
How I, poor I believing, fell,
Ah! by too soon believing, fell.

By this stream my Strephon mov'd,
Here he sung and there he lov'd ;
Here he sung, &c.

Every stream and every tree,
Cries out, perfidious, cruel he,
And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this bank my Strephon lean'd,
A lovely foe, but faithless friend ;
A lovely foe, &c.

Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove,
Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,
Since Strephon's false to me and love.

SONG LIII.

T’RANSPORTED with pleasure
I gaze on my treasure,
And ravish my sight;
While she gaily smiling,
My anguish beguiling,
Augments my delight.
How blest’d is a lover,
Whose torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting
Her scorn and disdain?

SONG LIV.

A QUIRE of bright beauties
In spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady
To govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white,
And the shepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And Phillis was queen.
But Phillis refus’d it,
And sighing did say,
I’ll not wear a garland,
While Pan is away.
While Pan and fair Syrinx
Are fled from the shore,
The graces are banish’d,
And love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure
That warm’d our desires,
Has broken his bow,
And extinguish’d his fires;
And vows that himself
And his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx
In triumph return.

Forbear your addressees,
 And court us no more ;
 For we will perform
 What the deity swore :
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep-hooks
 And take to your arms :
 Then laurels and myrtles
 Your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan and fair Syrinx
 In triumph return.

SONG LV.

As charming Clara walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like Jove descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
 As little birds into their nests ;
 But being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her, froze into a gem.

SONG LVI.

YE beaux of pleasure,
 Whose wit at leisure,
 Can count love's treasure,
 Its joy and smart ;
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire
 Consumes my heart.
 Three moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted
 With beauty's ray :

Aurora shews ye
No face so rosie,
No July posie
So fresh and gay.

Her skin by nature,
No Ermin better,
Though that fine creature
Is white as snow ;
With blooming graces
Adorn'd her face is,
Her flowing traces
As black as sloe.

She's tall and slender,
She's soft and tender ;
Some god commend her ;
My wit's too low :
'Twere joyful plunder,
To bring her under,
She's all a wonder
From top to toe.

Then cease, ye sages,
To quote dull pages,
That in all ages
Our minds are free :
Though great your skill is,
So strong the will is,
My love for Phillis
Must ever be.

SONG LVII.

ONE evening as I lay
A-musing in a grove,
A nymph exceeding gay
Came there to seek her love ;
But finding not her swain,
She sat her down to grieve,
And thus she did complain,
How men her sex deceive.

Believing maids take care
Of false deluding men,
Whose pride is to ensnare
Each female that they can
My perjur'd swain he swore
A thousand oaths, to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to love.
Then, virgins, for my sake,
Ne'er trust false man again,
The pleasure we partake,
Ne'er answers half the pain;
Uncertain as the seas,
Is their unconstant mind,
At once they burn or freeze,
Still changing like the wind.
When she had told her tale,
Compassion seiz'd my heart,
And Cupid did prevail
With me, to take her part :
Then bowing to the fair,
I made my kind address,
And vow'd to bear a share
In her unhappiness.
Surpriz'd at first she rose,
And strove from me to fly :
I told her I'd disclose
For grief a remedy.
Then, with a smiling look,
Said she, to assuage the storm,
I doubt you've undertook
A task you can't perform.
Since proof convinces best,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jest,
To what revenge can do :
Then serve him in his kind,
And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er design'd
For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,
 Till her soft soul gave way,
 And from her breast so fair
 Stole the heart away.
 Then she with smiles confess'd
 Her mind felt no more pain,
 While thus she was carefs'd
 By such a lovely swain.

SONG LVIII.

Do not ask me, charming Philis,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lilies,
 And of roses newly blown?
 'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of these flow'rs that crown the spring;
 'Tis to—but I know my duty,
 And dare never name the thing.
 'Tis at worst but her denying,
 Why should I thus fearful be?
 Every minute, gently flying,
 Smiles and says, Make use of me.]
 What the sun does to the roses,
 While the beams play sweetly in,
 I would—but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.
 Yet I die if I conceal it;
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers think alone.
 On this bank of pinks and lilies,
 Might I speak what I would do,
 I wou'd—with my lovely Philis,
 I wou'd; I would—Ah! wou'd you.

SONG LIX.

PHILIS, the fairest of love's foes,
 Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
 Philis that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
 What has she now to brag on?
 What has she now to brag on?
 What has she, &c.
 So long she kept her limbs so close
 Till they had scarce a rag on,
 Compell'd thro' want the wretched maid
 Did sad complaints begin,
 Which furly Strephon hearing, said,
 It was both shame and sin,
 It was both shame and sin,
 It was both, &c.
 To pity such a lazy jade,
 Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

SONG LX.

WHEN Chloe we ply,
 We swear we shall die,
 Her eyes do our hearts so enthrall;
 But 'tis for her pelf,
 And not for herself;
 'Tis artifice, artifice all.
 The maidens are coy,
 They'll pish! and they'll fie!
 And swear if you're rude, they will call;
 But whisper so low,
 By which you may know,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.
 My dear, the wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I never shall:
 But less than a year,
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of state,
 And party-debate,
 For church and for justice we bawl;
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the end,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

SONG LXI.

The Parson among the Pease.

ONE long Whitfun holiday,
 Holiday, holiday, it was a jolly day
 Young Ralph and buxom Phillida,
 Phillida, a welladay!

Met in the pease;
 They long had community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
 Scanting was wanting,
 Their bosoms to ease.

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
 You will see; for as they lie
 In close hug, Sir Domine
 Gemini Gomini

Chanc'd to come by.
 He read prayers i' the family,
 No way now to frame a lie,
 They scar'd at old Homily,
 Homily, Homily,

Both away fly.
 Home, soon as he saw the fight,
 Full of spite, as the kite runs the recubite,
 Like a noisy hypocrite,
 Hypocrite, hypocrite,

Mischief to say;
 Save he wou'd fair Phillida,
 Phillida, Phillida dress'd that holiday;
 But poor Ralph, ah welladay!
 Welladay! welladay!

Turn'd was away.

Met in a grove, to vent their spleen
 On parents unrelenting :
 He bred of Tory race had been,
 She of the tribe dissenting.
 Celia, whose eyes outshone the god,
 Newly the hill adorning,
 Told him, mamma would be stark mad,
 She missing prayers that morning ;
 Damon, his arm about her waist,
 Swore, that nought shou'd them sunder :
 Shou'd my rough dad know how I'm blest'd,
 'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.
 Great ones made by ambition blind,
 By faction still support it,
 Or where vile money taints the mind,
 They for convenience court it ;
 But mighty love, that scorns to shew
 Party shou'd raise his glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,
 Let it be Whig or Tory.

SONG LXIV.

AMONG the willows on the grass,
 Where nymphs and shepherds lie,
 Young Willie courted bonny Bess,
 And Nell stood list'ning by.
 Says Will, we will not tarry
 Two months before we marry,
 No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,
 For a maid I'll live and die :
 Says Nell so shall not I,
 Says Nell, &c.

Long time between hope and despair,
 And kisses mix'd between,
 He with a song did charm her ear
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;
 Says Will, I want a blessing,
 Substantialer than kissing.

No, no, fie no, never, never tell me so,
 For I will never change my mind.
 Says Nell, she'll prove more kind,
 Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
 Altho' by nature taught,
 When she first to man inclines :
 Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.
 Oh! who would lose a treasure
 For such a puny pleasure!
 Not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
 And to my vow be true.

Quoth Nell, the more fool you,
 Quoth Nell, &c.

To my closet I'll repair,
 And read on godly books,
 Forget vain love of worldly care.
 Quoth Nell, that likely looks.
 You men are all perfidious,
 But I will be religious ;
 Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all ;
 Your sex I now despise.
 Says Nell, by Jove she lies.
 Says Nell, &c.

SONG. LXV.

SELINDA sure's the brightest thing
 That decks the earth, or breathes our air ;
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair :
 But then her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to lie
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no further than the eye.
 Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast,
 Our sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd and disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with aspect bright,
And tawdry pride, a tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
Dull and insipid to the smell.

SONG. LXVI.

A TRIFLING song ye shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended ;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want something to do,
The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing ?
Because the ladies they know,
Admire, by often careressing,
That eminent trifle, a beaux.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
At Whyte's half a moment to sit ?
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
Without taking trifles for wit ?

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles we see ;
White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will show you, his Grace
Makes promises trifles indeed !

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin;
But, ye gods! How oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of Champaign people think it
A trifle, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
A peace is a trifle to-day,
To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle they say,
The reason pray carry along;
Because that at every new play
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

SONG LXVII.

FROM grave lessons and restraint,
I'm stole out to revel here:
Yet I tremble and I faint,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh! would fortune in my way
Throw a lover kind and gay:
Now's the time he soon might move
A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall I venture? No, no, no;
 Shall I from the danger go?
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly,
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.
 Help me, nature, help me, art;
 Why should I deny my part?
 If a lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

 SONG LXVIII.

WOMEN AND WINE.

SOME say women are like the sea,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks,
 Some the rose that soon decays,
 Some the weather, some the cocks;
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well
 As wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine,
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
 They put a giggle into the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool;
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
 What is't that makes your looks divine?
 What makes your courage rise and fall?
 Is it not women, is it not wine?
 Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
 That set fire to your noses?
 From wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

SONG LXIX.

Wou'd you choofe a wife,
 For a happy life ?
 Leave the court, and the country take,
 Where Dolly and Sue,
 Young Molly and Prue,
 Follow Roger and John,
 Whilst harvest goes on,
 And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the London dames
 (Be it spoken to their shames)
 To lie in their beds till noon,
 Then get up and stretch,
 And paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea,
 Both green and bohea,
 Are serv'd to their table in plate,
 Where rattles do run,
 As swift as the sun,
 Of what they have done,
 And who is undone,
 By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lasfs give me here,
 Though brown as my beer,
 Who knows how to govern her house,
 Who can milk her cow,
 Or farrow her sow,
 Make butter and cheefe,
 Or gather green peafe,
 And values fine clothes not a fow.

This is the girl
 Worth rubies and pearl ;
 A wife that will make a man rich ;
 We gentlemen need
 No quality breed

To squander away
What taxes would pay ;
We care not in faith for such.

SONG LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
A mistress fitted to my mind,
Whom neither gold nor pride could move
To change her virtue or her love :
Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myself, and not for mine ;
Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy.

Not childish young, nor bedlame old,
Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wise to rule the state,
Not foolish to be pointed at ;
Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore :
If such an one you can discover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

SONG LXXI.

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.
'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
Can quick through all my vital frame ;
Per my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, funk, and dy'd away.

SONG LXXII.

You may cease to complain,
For your suit is in vain ;
All attempts you can make,
But augments her disdain ;
She bids you give over
While 'tis in your power,
For except her esteem
She can grant you no more :
Her heart has been long since
Assaulted and won,
Her truth is as lasting
And firm as the sun ;
You'll find it more easy
Your passion to cure,
Than for ever those fruitless
Endeavours endure.
You may give this advice
To the wretched and wise,
But a lover like me
Will those precepts despise ;
I scorn to give over
Were it in my power ;
Though esteem were deny'd me,
Yet here I'll adore.
A heart that's been touch'd
Will some sympathy bear,
'Twill lessen my sorrows
If she takes a share :
I'll count it more honour
In dying her slave,
Than did her affections
The steadiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be
Her true lover, tho' she
Should mankind despise
Out of hatred to me ;
'Tis mean to give o'er
'Cause we get no reward,
She lost not her worth
When I lost her regard ;
My love on an altar
More noble shall burn,
I still will love on
Without hopes of return ;
I'll tell her some other
Has kindled the flame,
And I'll sigh for herself
In another one's name.

SONG LXXIII.

THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIogenes furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was truth ;
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And he liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper, to cherish his heart :
And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart :
Tho' some are so foolish as think,
He wept at mens follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul ;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl ;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff :
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wife Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave,
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heightened his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home ;
And, to show he lov'd wine that was good,
To the last, (we may truly aver it),
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fanci'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin
On his pupils who wisdom would seek ;
Because he tippled good wine
Till himself was unable to speak ;

And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fanci'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering trough ;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG LXXIV.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

HERE's a health to the king, and a lasting peace,
 May faction be damn'd, and discord cease :
 Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death ;

And he that wont with this comply,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down among the dead men,
 Down, down, down down,
 Down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may she long
 B' our first fair toast to grace our song ;
 Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
 Take off your bumpers all around ;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
 Down among, &c. let him ly.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found ;
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman hating crew ;
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among, &c. let him ly.

Here's a thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
 And patriots to their country leal :
 But who for bribes gives Satan his soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl ;
 And all that with such rogues comply,
 Down among, &c. let him ly.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
 Let Bacchus' health round swiftly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to love ;
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among, &c. let him ly,

SONG LXXV.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a generous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post ;
 Let him be merry merry there,
 And we'll be merry merry here ;
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
 Ne'er a penny into his purse :
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise :
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead :
 Let him be merry, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than in Chloe when just going
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking :
 Drank about at council-board :
 Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquering sword.

SONG LXXVII.

SINCE we die by the help of good wine,
 I will that a tun be my shrine ;
 And engrave it on my tomb,

Here lies a body once so brave,
 Who with drinking made his grave,
 Who with, &c.
 Since thus to die will purchase fame,
 And leave an everlasting name,
 Since thus to die, &c.
 Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,
 And let us be nobly interr'd,
 Drink, drink, &c.
 Let misers and slaves
 Pop into their graves,
 And rot in a dirty church-yard,
 And rot in a dirty church-yard,
 Let misers, &c.

 SONG LXXVIII.

BACCHUS is a power divine ;
 For he no sooner fills my head
 With mighty wine,
 But all my cares resign,
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead :
 Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,
 And I in riches flow,
 At least I fancy so ;
 And without thought of want I sing,
 Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,
 With flowers, wav'd into a garland crown'd :
 Then, then I begin to live,
 And scorn what all the world can show or give,
 Let the brave fools that fondly think
 Of honour and delight,
 To make a noise, a noise and fight,
 Go seek out war whilst I seek peace,
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.
 Then fill my glass, fill fill it high ;
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die ;

But when bottles are rang'd
Make war with me,
The fighting fool shall see,
When I am sunk,
The difference to lie dead,
And lie dead drunk.
The fighting fool, &c.

SONG LXXIX.

Ye virgin powers defend my heart
From amorous looks and smiles ;
From faucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles.
From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
That do my pity move ;
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.
But if through passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide ;
And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.
An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure
Needs every virtue's aid ;
And she who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

SONG LXXX.

Why shou'd a foolish marriage-vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When passion is decay'd ?
We lov'd, and we lov'd
As long as we cou'd,
Till love was lov'd out of us both ;

But our marriage is dead,
When the pleasure is fled ;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.
If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a madness that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another :
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

SONG LXXXI.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.
Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses :
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses :
Angels listen when she speaks ;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

SONG LXXXIII.

I'll sail upon the dog-star,
And then pursue the morning ;
I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather ;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget ;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let Gresham college judge it :

While I mount yon blue celum,
To shun the tempting gypsies ;
Play at foot-ball with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.

SONG LXXXIII.

JAMES.

PRITHEE, Susan, what dost muse on,
By this doleful spring ?
You are, I fear, in love, my dear ;
Alas, poor thing !

SUSAN.

Truly, Jamie, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan ;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love ;
Alas, poor man !

JAMES.

Nay, my Suey, now I view ye ;
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan ;
Alas, poor heart !

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold ; I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole ;
And know that she as well as thee ;
Alas, poor soul !

JAMES.

Then, my Sue, tell me who ;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And ease thy heart of all this smart ;
Alas, poor girl !

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you should know,
I fear 'twould make you sad,
And pine away both night and day ;
Alas, poor lad !

JAMES.

Why then, my Sue, it is for you
That I burn in these flames ;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas, poor James !

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, Jamie know,
If you should prove untrue,
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas, poor Sue !

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we shall wed to-day :
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,
Come, let's away.

SONG LXXXIV.

WHEN, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fill my mind :
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
T' excel the mighty power of wine :
But when thou insult'ft and laugh'ft at my pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling champaign ;
So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the power of another.

When pity in thy looks I see,
I fairly quit my friends for thee ;
Persuasive love so charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wish again.

But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
Then straight with a bumper I banish despair ;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god with the power of another.

SONG LXXXV.

You that love mirth, attend to my song,
A moment you never can better employ ;
Sawny and Teague were trudging along,
A bonny Scots lad, and an Irish dear-shoy ;
They neither before had seen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any such name ;
As they were a-walking,
And merrily talking,
At last, by mere chance, to a wind-mill they came.

Haha ! cries Sawny, What do you ca' that ?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.
Teague very readily answer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe it'sh shaint Patrick's cross.
Says Sawny, ye'll find yoursell meikle mistaken,
For it is saint Andrew's cross I can swear ;
For there is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my shoul shoy, thou tellest all lees,
For that I will shwear is shaint Patrick's coat ;
Shее't him in Ireland buying the frieze,
And that I am shure ish the same that he bought ;
And he ish a shaint much better than ever
Made either the covenant'sh sholemn or league :
For o' my shalwashion,
He was my relashion,
And had a great kindness for honest poor Teague

Wherefore, says Teague, I will, by my shoul,
 Lay down my napsack, and take out my beads,
 And under this holy cross' feet I will fall,
 And shay pater noshter, and some of our creeds:
 So Teague began with humble devotion,
 To kneel down before saint Patrick's cross;
 The wind fell a-blowing,
 And set it a-going,
 And gave our dear shoy a terrible tofs.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor Teague
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grafs,
 Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirly-gig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of saint Patrick's cross:
 But ish it indeed, cries he in a passion,
 The cross of our shaint that has crossht me so fore;
 Upo' my shalwashion,
 This shall be a cawshion,
 To trust to shaint Patrick's kindness no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of your's is a very sad loun,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon:
 Let me advise you to serve our saint Andrew,
 He, by my saul, was a special gude man:
 For since your shaint Patrick
 Has serv'd you sic a trick,
 I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

SONG LXXXVI.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And all the world think them wise,
 While I lie at my Nanny's feet,
 And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
And melt in court-delights :
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

SONG LXXXVII.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent,
The offering all your store.
Is now but like a pardon sent,
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late,
You hind' red me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made ;
But when your falsehoods plain appear,
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the brass.

O! since the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone ?

SONG LXXXVIII.

Yes, all the world will sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest ;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd
That were for public good design'd :
 Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grafs away,
 To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
Two souls which passion does unite ;
 For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away,
And why the devil should we stay,
 When once that love is past ?

SONG LXXXIX.

My goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lily sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

O ! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
'Tho' sacred light'ning from them flies ;
Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival Jove in bliss,
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O ! hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
Thou art all over endless charms ;
O ! take me dying to thy arms.

SONG XC.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know;
 Random chance, or wilful fate,
 Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
 'Tis madness all in me to grieve;
 Since her will is not her own,
 Why should I uneasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
 Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
 Ask not me the reason why,
 Seek the riddle in the skies.

SONG XCI.

HARK how the trumpet sounds to battle,
 Hark how the thund'ring cannons rattle;
 Cruel ambition now calls me away,
 While I have ten thousand soft things to say,
 While honour alarms me,
 Young Cupid disarms me,
 And Celia so charms me,
 I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
 Hark how the trumpet sweetly charms;
 Celia no more then must be obey'd
 Cannons are roaring and ensigns display'd:
 The thoughts of promotion,
 Inspire such a notion,
 Of Celia's devotion
 I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers,
 Ye Gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours:
 O may she ever to love me incline,
 Such lovely perfections I cannot resign;

Firm constancy grant her,
My true love shall haunt her,
My soul cannot want her,
She's all so divine.

SONG XCII.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?
Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name the best;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?
Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go:
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

SONG XCIII.

As the snow in valleys lying,
Phoebus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant when degraded,
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the slaves he once controul'd ;
 So the nymph, if none could move her,
 Is contemn'd by every lover,
 When her charms are growing old.
 Melancholic looks and whining,
 Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
 Are th' effects your rigours move :
 Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest effects of love.
 Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming,
 Employ time, lest age resumming
 What your youth profusely lends ;
 You are robb'd of all your glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

 SONG XCIV.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wand'ring shepherdes discover.
 Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.
 With skill her eyes dart every glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Though certain aim and art direct them.
 She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

SONG XCV.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
'Tis not sighing round the plain,
Song nor sonnet can relieve ye;
Faint attempts in love are vain.
Urge but home the fair occasion,
And be master of the field:
To a powerful kind invasion,
'Twere a madness not to yield.
Though she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity;
Be not merciful for shame.
When the fierce assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find;
This her cruel furious lover,
Much more gentle, not so kind.

SONG XCVI.

If she be not kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's only worth the care
Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.
I would not have thee such an ass,
Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a lass,
Whose pride's above her pleasure.

SONG XCVII.

HE.

AWAKE, thou fairest thing in nature,
How can you sleep when day does break?
How can you sleep, my charming creature,
When half a world for you are awake?

SHE.

What swain is this that sings so early,
Under my window by the dawn?

HE.

'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

SHE.

Softly, else you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love she lets me hear;
Go tell your passion to some other,
Or whisper't softly in my ear.

HE.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms.

SONG XCVIII.

IN spite of love at length I've found
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day she'll ease me.
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Though she's enjoy'd by all mankind,
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you, through all her naked charms,
Her little mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your arms,
And use her like a lover;
Such liquor she'll distil from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd sense;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But best of all! she has no tongue,
Submissive she obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And still to smiling sways me;

Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack ;
 Then kifs and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.
 If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
 Clap your hands about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir ;
 As for her bottom, never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out ;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

SONG XCIX.

O SURPRISING lovely fair !
 Who with Chloe can compare ?
 Sure she's form'd for beauty's queen,
 Her wit, her shape, her grace, her mein,
 By far excels all nymphs I've seen ;
 No mortal eye
 Can view her nigh,
 Too exquisite for human sight to see :
 Though she ne'er may be kind,
 Nor for me e'er design'd,
 Yet I love, I love, I love,
 The charming she.

SONG C.

WHEN bright Aurelia tript the plain,
 How cheerful then were seen,
 The looks of every jolly swain,
 Who strove Aurelia's heart to gain,
 With gambols on the green ?
 Their sports were innocent and gay,
 Mixt with a manly air ;
 They'd sing, and dance, and pipe, and play,
 Each strove to please, some different way,
 This dear enchanting fair.

The ambitious strife she did admire,
And equally approve,
'Till Phaon's tuneful voice and lyre,
With softest music did inspire
Her soul to generous love.

Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,
Their arts prov'd all in vain ;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
'The more they languish and repin'd,
The more she loves the swain.

SONG CI.

AWAY, you rover,
For shame give over,
You play the lover
So like an afs ;
You are for storming,
You think you're charming,
Your faint performing,
We read in your face.

SONG CII.

HE, who for ever
Would hope for favour,
He must endeavour
To charm the fair :
He dances, he dances,
He da--a--a--a--ances,
He sighs, and glances,
He makes advances,
He sings, and dances,
And mends his air.

SONG CIII.

Go, go, go, go, falsest of thy sex, begone,
Leave, leave, ah leave me, leave me to myself alone !
Why would you strive by fond pretence,
Thus to destroy my innocence ?
Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

Young Celia, you too late betray'd,
Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
“ Love, like a dream usher'd by night,
“ Flies the approach of morning light.”
Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

She who believes man when he swears,
Or least regards his oaths and prayers,
May she, fond she, be most accurst :
Nay more, be subject to his lust.
Go, go, &c.——leave, leave, &c.

SONG CIV.

BELINDA, with affected mein,
Tries all the power of art ;
Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
To gain a single heart :
Whilst Chloe, in a different way,
Is but herself, to please,
And makes new conquests every day,
Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
What native charms inspire ;
While Chloe's artless shining eyes,
Set all the world on fire :
Belinda may our pity move :
But Chloe gives us pain,
And while she smiles us into love,
Her sister frowns in vain.

SONG CV.

ON a bank of flowers,
In a summer-day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her bloom of youth,
Fair Celia lay,
With love and sleep opprest ;
When a youthful swain,
With admiring eyes,
Wish'd that he durst
The sweet maid surprize ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,
A gentle zephyr arose,
That fann'd her robes aside ;
And the sleeping nymph
Did the charms disclose,
Which waking she would hide :
Then his breath grew short,
And his pulse beat high,
He long'd to touch
What he chanc'd to spy ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
With her beauties fir'd,
And blest the courteous wind ;
Then in whispers sigh'd,
And the gods desir'd,
That Celia might be kind :
When with hopes grown bold,
He advanc'd amain ;
But she laugh'd loud
In a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumb'ring maid caress'd ;
 And with trembling hand
 (O simple poor swain !)
 Her glowing bosom press'd :
 When the virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He would pursue :
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But Damon mist his cue.

Now, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blockhead was I,
 That such a chance abus'd ?
 To my shame 'twill now
 On the plains be said,
 Damon a virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 And let her go a maid.

 SONG CVI.

WHILE silently I lov'd, nor dar'd,
 To tell my crime aloud,
 The influence of your smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the crowd.
 But when I once my flames express'd,
 In hopes to ease my pain,
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,
 The mark of your disdain.
 If thus, Corinna, you shall frown
 On all that I adore,
 Then all mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

SONG CVII.

OH! happy, happy grove,
 Witness of our tender love;
 Oh! happy, happy shade,
 Where first our vows were made:
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a Jove;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 And all—and all was love:
 But Corinna perjur'd proves,
 And forsakes the shady groves;
 When I speak of mutual joys,
 She knows not what I mean;
 Wanton glances, fond caresses
 Now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding fair
 Has left the flow'ry green:
 Mourn, ye nymphs, that sporting play'd,
 Where poor Strephon was betray'd;
 Where the secret wound she gave,
 When I was made her slave.

SONG CVIII.

THE sages of old,
 In prophecy told,
 The cause of a nation's undoing;
 But our new English breed
 No prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.
 With grumbling and jars,
 We promote civil wars,
 And preach up false tenets to many;
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For religion, yet no man has any.
 Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his friend,
 And the church and the senate would settle;

Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he shou'd,
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politic things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;
But takes a full glass,
To his country's success,
This, this an honest brave fellow.

SONG CIX.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleasing power admire ;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like your's inspire.
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all mankind ;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet ;
Like the divining prophets, wise ;
Like new blown roses, sweet ;
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy night a bride ;
A mien like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long !
Ah ! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

SONG CX.

PRITHEE, Billy, be'nt so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in grief;
 You say, Betty will not let ye;
 But can sorrow bring relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining;
 Pox on torment, tears, and wo:
 If she's tender, she'll surrender;
 If she's tough,—e'en let her go.

SONG CXI.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my treasure,
 Ever love me, ever charm;
 Let the passion know no measure,
 Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our blifs beguiling,
 By dull doubting fall at odds?
 Meet my soft embraces smiling,
 We'll be happy as the gods.

SONG CXII.

A sour reformation
 Crawls out through the nation,
 While dunder-head sages
 Who hope for good wages,
 Direct us the way.

Ye sons of the muses,
 Then cloak your abuses;
 And lest you shou'd trample
 On pious example,
 Observe and obey.

Time-frenzy curers,
 And stubborn nonjurors,
 For want of diversion,
 Now scourge the lewd times:

They've hinted, they've printed,
Our vein it profane is,
 And worst of all crimes ;
The clod-pated railers,
Smiths, coblers, and colliers,
 Have damn'd all our rhymes.

Under the notion
Of zeal for devotion,
The humour has fir'd 'em,
And malice inspir'd 'em,
 To tutor the age :
But if in season,
You'd know the true reason ;
The hopes of preferment,
Is what makes the vermin
 Now rail at the stage.
Cuckolds and canters,
With scruples and banter
Old Oliver's peal,
 Against poetry ring :
But let state-revolvers,
And treason-absolvers,
 Excuse, if I sing,
The rebel that chooses,
To cry down the muses,
 Wou'd cry down the king.

THE END OF PART THIRD.

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

PART FOURTH.

*Anna, with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair;
Vassals and Kings
Feel when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.*

ETTRICK BANKS.

I.

ON Ettrick-banks, in a summer's night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kifs'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
My words they were na mony feck.

II.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the highland hills, the Earse to learn ;
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.

At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law,
Cheer up your heart my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter-frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
And lead you to my summer-shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing.
And gar the longest day seem short.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies ;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu, the birks of Invermay.

III.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhite sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring ;
 The mavis and the blackbird vie,
 In tuneful strains to glad th' day ;
 The woods now wear their summer-suits ;
 To mirth all nature now invites :
 Let us be blythsome then and gay
 Among the birks of Invermay.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling fun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance :
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

 HERO AND LEANDER.
An old Ballad.

LEANDER on the bay
 Of Hellespont all naked stood,
 Impatient of delay,
 He leapt into the fatal flood :

The raging seas,
 Whom none can please,
 'Gainst him their malice show ;
 The heavens lowr'd
 The rain down pour'd,
 And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain,
 Ye cruel rocks, and skies !
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !
 What 'tis to miss
 The lover's bliss,
 Alas ! ye do not know ;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

III.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved Hero lies,
 And this is the appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit
 The gods were mute ;
 The billows answer, No :
 Up to the skies
 The surges rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

IV.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid ;
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :
 O fate ! said she,
 Nor heaven, nor thee,
 Our vows shall e'er divide.
 I'd leap this wall,
 Cou'd I but fall
 By my Leander's side.

V.

At length the rising sun
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,
 That Hero was undone;
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
 Said she, I'll shew,
 Tho' we are two,
 Our loves were ever one :
 This proof I'll give,
 I will not live,
 Nor shall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall she leapt
 Into the raging seas to him,
 Courting each wave she met,
 To teach her weary'd arms to swim ;
 The sea-gods wept,
 Nor longer kept
 Her from her lover's side.
 When join'd at last.
 She grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

 RARE WILLY DROWN'D IN YARROW.

I.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wondrous bonny;
 And Willy height to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony,

II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live-lang winter night
 I ly twin'd of my marrow.

III.

O came you by yon water-side,
 Pou'd you the rose or lilly ?
 Or came you by yon meadow green ?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy ?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
She fought him braid and narrow ;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

I.

How happy a state does the miller possess!
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all dusty and whit'ned does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
A Clown in his dress may be honest far,
Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and star.

II.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen.
The hands of his betters are not very clean :
A palm more polite, may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal,
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruples from other mens sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

III.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he mimics the tools of the state.
Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill ?
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does ly,
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
If so happy a Miller, who wou'd be a King?

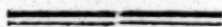
TAMO TANTO.

I.

So much I love thee, O my treasure,
That my flame no bound does know :
Oh! look upon your swain with pleasure,
For his pain some pity show.

II.

Oh! my charmer though I leave you,
Yet my heart with you remains ;
Let not then my absence grieve you,
Since with pride I wear your chains.



THE BEAUTIFUL SINGER.

I.

SINGING charms the blest above,
Angels sing, and faints approve ;
All we below
Of heaven can show,
Is that they both sing and love.

II.

Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair :
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

III.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and surprize ;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a firing,
By her charming notes and eyes.

IV.

Let the violin and harp,
Hang and moulder till they warp ;
Let the flute and lyre
In dust expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal sharp.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

I.

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she none,

II.

Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willy
From Scotland new come home?

III.

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willy
From Scotland new come home,

IV.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kifs my cheek and chin.

VI.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And shou'd I kifs thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

VII.

O sweet Marg'ret! &c. as fourth Stanza.

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard.
And wed me with a ring.

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
 Afar beyond the sea ;
 And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,
 That's now speaking to thee.

X.

She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,
 And for to do her best,
 Hae there's your faith and troth, Willy,
 God send your soul good rest.

XI.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter night
 The dead corp followed she.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, Willy ?
 Or any room at your feet ?
 Or any room at your side, Willy,
 Wherein that I may creep ?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret ;
 There's no room at my feet ;
 There's no room at my side Marg'ret,
 My coffin's made so meet.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
 And up then crew the gray,
 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
 That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
 But with a grievous groan,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.

XVI.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd ;
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

GREAT LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF SWEET
SENIFINO.

I.

As musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
 A beautiful creature was making her moan ;
 Oh! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes:
 She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
 Oh! the tears, &c,

II.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,
 She told me, her sweet Senifino was flown ;
 And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,
 Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.
 And in, &c.

III.

Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,
 That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye!
 To beauty so blooming what man can be blind!
 To passion so tender what monster unkind!
 To beauty, &c.

IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,
 That thus in lamenting, I water the lee,
 My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,
 Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.
 My warbler, &c,

V.

Perhaps, 'tis some linnet, some black bird, said I,
 Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky ;
 Come dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
 I'll bring you another to give you relief.
 Come dry, &c.

VI.

No linnet, no black bird, no sky lark, said she,
 But one much more tuneful by far than all three ;
 My sweet Senifino, for whom I now cry,
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.
 My sweet, &c.

VII.

Adieu, Farinella, Cazzonni likewise,
Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies ;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Adieu, &c.

 THE VIRGIN'S PRAYER.

I.

CUPID, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid ;
With equal ardour wound the swain :
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive thy arrows through his heart ;
When one you wound, you then destroy ;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

 UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

I.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do ?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true ?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

II.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run ?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

III.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay.
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

IV.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow:
Have they not there from cold been free,
But Nanny still is cold to me.

V.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear a sight of me.

VI.

To Nanny's poultry, oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of pease at least.
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

VII.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown,
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon!
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

THE SCULLION'S COMPLAINT.

I.

By the side of a great kitchen fire,
A scullion so hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his desire ;
A kettle supported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the house,
To his sighs with a grunt did reply ;
And the gutter that car'd not a louse,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

But when it was set in a dish,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it does water, and wish,
I think it had better been fry'd.
The butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair :
Oh! might I but eat it, he said,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

III.

How foolish was I to believe,
It was made for so homely a clown ;
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town ?
Could I think that a pudding so fine
Would ever uneaten remove ?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought,
Where puddings we broil and we fry,
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever set by.
Ah Colin! thou must not be first,
Thy knife and thy trencher resign ;
There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,
And her turn is sooner than mine.

V.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear at a pudding to rail,
 Tho' I shou'd through all the rooms rove,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;
 'Tis its fate to be often above,
 'Ts mine still to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In your breasts any pity be found,
 Ye servants that earliest dine,
 Come see how I ly on the ground:
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,
 And sorrow to see how I dwell;
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,
 Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,
 Which you set in your dishes so prim,
 Where sauce in the middle does flow,
 And flowers are strew'd round the brim:
 Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,
 Unless when he sees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above*.

 THE HUNTERS SONG.

I.

WHEN betimes on the morn to the fields we repair,
 We range where the chace may be seated;
 At the sound of the horn all disturbance and care
 Flies away from the din as defeated.

* See the excellent Original, Part III. p. 242, of which this is the Burlesque.

II.

Then Jowler did roar, hearing Tolier before,
 Brave music makes Sweetlips and Mally,
 At the sound of the noise the hunters rejoice,
 And the squat makes the ratches to rally.

III.

Then casting about, we find her anew,
 And we raise then a haloo to cheer them ;
 The echoes around from the mountains resound,
 Rejoicing all hearts that do hear them.

IV.

And when she turns weak, and her life's at the stake,
 We take care to make her a seizure ;
 And soon as we kill, we recover at will,
 And home we return at our leisure.

V.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames
 With the best of good cheer can provide us ;
 Good liquors abound, and healths go round,
 Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

VI.

Then we rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,
 Having enough of our own, none to borrow :
 Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing ?
 We're the same just to-day as to-morrow.

THE JOLLY BENDER.

I.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
 I am the only god of wine ;
 It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
 In competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

II.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
 Stock it with nothing else but wine:
 Let wine the only product be,
 Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
 And let that wine be all for me.

III.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care,
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink,
 My soul's ambition is to drink.

 THE HAY-MAKER'S SONG.

COME, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
 The sun in haste
 Drives to the west,
 With sports, with sports conclude the day,
 Let every man chuse out his lass,
 And then salute her on the grass;
 And when you find
 She's coming kind,
 Let not that moment pass;
 Then we'll tofs of our bowls,
 To true love and honour,
 To all kind loving girls,
 And the lord of the manor.

II.

At night when round the hall we sit,
 With good brown bowls
 To cheer our souls,
 And raise, and raise a merry chat:
 When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
 And jokes around the table fly,
 Then we retreat,
 And that repeat
 Which all would gladly try;
 Then we'll tofs off our bowls,
 To true love and honour,
 To all kind loving girls,
 And the lord of the manor.

III.

Let lazy great ones of the town
 Drink night away,
 And sleep all day,
 Till gouty, gouty they are grown;
 Our daily works such vigour give,
 That nightly sports we oft revive,
 And kiss our dames
 With stronger flames
 Than any prince alive:
 Then we'll toss off our bowls,
 To true love and honour,
 To all kind-loving girls,
 And the lord of the manor.

 WATTY AND MADGE.

In imitation of William and Margaret.

I.

'Twas at the shining mid-day hour,
 When all began to gaunt,
 That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,
 And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon-ham
 That lang in reek had hung,
 And horn-hard was his tawny hand
 That held his hazel rung.

III.

So wad the fastest face appear
 Of the maist dressy spark,
 Add such the hands that lords wad hae,
 Were they kept close at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery bush
 Beneath his bonnet blue,
 On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,
And nothing now but solid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
With visage sour and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cries, my crishy love,
Support my sinking faul
With something that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.

VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the best cures for grief
Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

IX.

O! Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
I but o'er justly trow'd
Your love was thowless, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
When all were fast asleep,
How ye kifs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your fight :
How cou'd you roose my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples slight ?

XII.

Why did you promise me a snood,
 To bind my locks sae brown?
 Why did you me fine garters height,
 Yet let my hose fa' down?

XIII.

O faithless Watty, think how aft
 I ment your sarks and hose;
 For you how mony bannocks stown,
 How mony cogues o' brose.

XIV.

But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I
 Maun gae link aff the pot;
 Come see, ye hash, how fair I sweat,
 To stegh your guts, ye fot.

XV.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,
 Fat Madge return'd again,
 Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himsell,
 And sidg'd he was sae fain.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
 Where a warm haggies stood,
 And gart his gooly through the bag
 Let out it's fat heart's blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, come eat, dear Madge,
 Of this delicious fare;
 Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
 Till he could eat nae mair.

 CELIA IN A JESSAMINE BOWER.

I.

WHEN the bright god of day
 Drove westward his ray,
 And the evening was charming and clear,
 The swallows amain
 Nimble skim o'er the plain,
 And our shadows like giants appear.

II.

In a jessamine bower,
 When the bean was in flower,
 And zephyrs breath'd odours around,
 Lov'd Celia she sat
 With her song and spinet,
 And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

III.

Rosy bowers she sung,
 Whilst the harmony rung,
 And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
 The industrious bees,
 From the flowers and trees,
 Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

IV.

The gay god of love,
 As he flew o'er the grove,
 By zephyrs conducted along ;
 As he touch'd on the strings,
 He beat time with his wings,
 And echo repeated the song.

V.

O ye mortals ! beware
 How ye venture too near,
 Love doubly is armed to wound ;
 Your fate you can't shun,
 For you're surely undone,
 If you rashly approach near the found.

WERE NOT MY HEART LIGHT, I WAD DIE.

I.

THERE was anes a May, and she loo'd nae men,
 She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,
 But now she cries dool ! and a well-a-day !
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.
 But now she cries dool ! &c.

II.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
 He said he saw naithing fae lovely as me;
 He height me baith rings and mony braw things;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
 He height, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
 Because I was twice as bonny as she;
 She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
 That were na my heart light, I wad die.
 She rais'd, &c.

IV.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
 She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
 Till he vow'd he ne'er wad see me again.
 She main'd, &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
 Said, what had he to do with the like of me?
 Albeit I was bonny I was na for Johnny;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
 Albeit I was, &c.

VI.

They said, I had neither cow nor ca'f,
 Nor dribbles of drink rins through the draff,
 Nor pickles of meal rins through the mill eye:
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
 Nor pickles of, &c.

VII.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee.
 And then she ran in and made a loud din;
 Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
 And then she, &c.

VIII.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:

But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And cast himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, &c.

 KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

ROBIN.

WHILST I alone your foul posselt,
And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
When kind Jeany lo'ed me!
Hey ho Jeany, quoth he,
Kind Robin loe's thee.

JEANY.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
What queen with Jeany cou'd compare,
When kind Robin lo'ed me!
Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my heart,
Kate who sings with so much art,
Whose life to save with mine I'd part;
For kind Katy loves me.
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to save I'd perish twice ;
 For kind Paty lo'es me.
 Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain ;
 For kind Robin lo'es me.
 Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Tho' Paty's kind, as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
 If kind Robin lo'es me.
 Hey ho Robin, &c.

 O MY HEAVY HEART.
Tune,—*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

I.

O MY heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
 Swells as 'twou'd burst in twain !
 No tongue can e'er describe its smart ;
 Nor I conceal its pain.

II.

Blow on ye winds, descend, soft rains,
 To sooth my tender grief :
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,
 And yields me short relief.
 O my heart, &c.

III.

In some lone corner would I sit,
 Retir'd from human kind ;
 Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit
 Can ease my anxious mind.
 O my heart, &c.

IV.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
 Torments my weary eyes,
 And in dark shades I pass the day,
 Where echo sleeping lies.
 O my heart. &c.

V.

The sparkling stars which gayly shine,
 And glittering deck the night,
 Are all such cruel foes of mine,
 I sicken at their sight.
 O my heart, &c.

VI.

The gods themselves their creatures love,
 Who do their aid implore;
 O learn of them, and bless the nymph
 Who only you adore.
 O my heart, &c.

VII.

The strongest passion of the mind,
 The greatest bliss we know,
 Arises from successful love,
 If not the greatest woe.
 O my heart, &c.

 BELLASPELLING.

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood
 As pure as fam'd Lewelling,
 By water clear, come every year,
 And drink at Bellaspelling.
 Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich
 with rubies past the telling,
 'Twill clear your skin, e'er you have been
 A month at Bellaspelling.

II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
 When they come from their dwelling,
 The kindling rose within them blows
 While she's at Bellaspelling.

The suttly brown just come from town,
 Grows here as fresh as Helen;
 Then back she goes to kill the beaux
 By dint of Bellaspelling,

III.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
 As Rofs or bright Dunkelling,
 And Mars might make a fair mistake;
 Were he at Bellaspelling.
 We must submit as they think fit,
 And there is no rebelling;
 The reason's plain, the ladies reign
 Our queens at Bellaspelling.

IV.

By matchless charms and conquering arms,
 They have the way of quelling
 Such desperate foes, as dare oppose
 Their power at Bellaspelling.
 Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
 I know't because I fell in
 The happy stream where a fair dame
 Did bathe at Bellaspelling.

V.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
 And bring their Anne and Nell in
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place
 Can vie with Bellaspelling.
 No politics, or subtile tricks,
 No man his country selling;
 We eat and drink and never think,
 Like rogues at Bellaspelling.

VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
 They all come here pell-mell in,
 And they are sure to find a cure
 By drinking Bellaspelling.
 Tho' dropsy fill you to the gill,
 From chin to toe high swelling,
 Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
 A cure at Bellaspelling.

VII.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,
 No sextons here are knelling :
 Come judge and try, you'll never die
 While you are at Bellaspelling.
 Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
 Which here are very belle in,
 When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
 You die at Bellaspelling,

VIII.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,
 Your sight, your taste, and smelling,
 Your ears, your touch, transported much,
 Each day at Bellaspelling.
 Within this bound we all sleep sound,
 No noisy dogs are yelling,
 Except you wake for Celia's sake
 All night at Bellaspelling.

IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,
 No lady keeps her cell in,
 But all partake the mirth we make,
 Who live at Bellaspelling.
 My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
 Unless I shou'd bring hell in ;
 But since we're here to heaven so near,
 I can't at Bellaspelling.

 THE WAND'RING BEAUTY.

I.

THE graces and the wand'ring loves
 Are fled to distant plains,
 To chase the fawns, or in the groves
 To wound admiring swains:
 With their bright Mistress there they stray,
 Who turns their careless eyes
 From daily victories ; yet each day
 Behold new triumphs in her way,
 And conquers as she flies,
 And conquers, &c.

II.

But see! implor'd by moving prayers
 To change the lover's pain;
 Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
 And brings the Fair again.
 Proud mortals who this maid pursue,
 Think you she'll e'er resign?
 Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
 'Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
 Or you like her divine,
 Or you, &c.

 THE SWEET TEMPTATION.

I.

Saw ye the nymph whom I adore?
 Saw ye the goddess of my heart?
 And can you bid me love no more?
 And can you think I feel no smart!

II.

So many charms around her shine,
 Who can the sweet temptation fly?
 Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,
 That I must love her, though I die.

 BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

I.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Graeme in the West country
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

II.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

III.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man I think you're dying.

IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Though your heart's blood were a spilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan.

VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

VII.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she could not stay.
Since death of life had rest him.

VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead bell gied,
It cry'd Woe to Barbara Allan.

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it fast and narrow,
Since my love dy'd for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

THE TOPER'S PETITION.

I.

O GRANT me, kind Bacchus,
The god of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ship that's well mann'd
With such rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly ale-house.

II.

Let the ship spring a leak,
To let in the tippie,
Without pump or long-boat,
To save ship or people :
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

III.

When death does prevail,
It is my design
To be nobly entomb'd
In a wave of good wine :
So that living or dead,
Both body and spirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

THE RELIEF BY THE BOWL.

SINCE drinking has power to bring us relief,
Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief :
If we find that won't do, we'll have such another,
And so we'll proceed from one bowl to another,
Till, like sons of Apollo, we'll make our wit soar,
Or, in homage to Bacchus, fall down on the floor,

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,
 Each of them delighted to toss off their bowls;
 Then let us, to shew ourselves mortals of merit,
 Be toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret,
 And then we shall each be deserving of praise:
 But the man that drinks most shall go off with the bays.

ON MASONRY.

I.

By mason's art, the aspiring dome
 In various columns shall arise;
 All climates are their native home,
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.
 Heroes and kings revere their name,
 And poets sing their deathless fame.

II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise, and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim;
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim;
 Time shall their glorious acts enrol,
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

THE COQUET.

I.

From Whyte's and Will's,
 To purling rills,
 The love-sick Strephon flies;
 There full of woe,
 His numbers flow,
 And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
 With feign'd regret,
 Invites him back to town;

But when in tears
The lad appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full of the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry Strephon swore,
And what is strange,
Though loth to change,
Would never see her more.

GENTLY TOUCH, &c.

I.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will soothe her breast,
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the mossy bank she lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers found.

IMITATED.

I.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast:
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dreeping-pan a toast,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

II.

On the dresser see it lies :

Oh the charming white and red !

Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,

On the sweetest grass it fed :

Swiftly make the jack go round,

Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table spread the cloth,

Let the knives be sharp and clean ;

Pickles get of every sort,

And a sallad crisp and green :

Then with small beer and sparkling wine,

O ye gods ! how I shall dine.

THE HAPPY BEGGARS.

Queen of the Beggars.

How blest are beggar-lasses,

Who never toil for treasure !

Who know no care, but how to share

Each day successive pleasure.

Drink away, let's be gay,

Beggars still with blifs abound,

Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,

Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.

First Woman.

A fig for gaudy fashions,

No want of clothes oppresses ;

We live at ease with rags and fleas,

We value not our dresses.

Drink away, &c.

Second Woman.

We scorn all ladies washes,

With which they spoil each feature,

Nor patch nor paint our beauties want,

We live in simple nature.

Drink away, &c.

Third Woman.

No cholic, spleen, or vapours,
 At morn, or evening tease us ;
 We drink no tea, nor ratafia ;
 When sick, a dram can ease us.
 Drink away, &c.

Fourth Woman.

That ladies act in private,
 By nature's soft compliance ;
 We think no crime, when in our prime,
 To kifs without a licence.
 Drink away, &c.

Fifth Woman.

We know no shame or scandal,
 The beggars law befriends us ;
 We all agree in liberty,
 And poverty defends us.
 Drink away, &c.

Sixth Woman.

Like jolly beggar wenches,
 Thus we drown all sorrow ;
 We live to-day, and ne'er delay
 Our pleasure till to-morrow.
 Drink away, &c.

 LUCY AND COLIN.

I.

Of Leister, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;
 Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face :
 'Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

II.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life was near an end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair,
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing:
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping round:

IV.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
" Which says I must not stay;
" I see a hand you cannot see,
" Which beckons me away.
" By a false heart and broken vows,
" In early youth I die:
" Was I to blame, because his bride
" Was thrice as rich as I?

V.

" Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
" Vows due to me alone;
" Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kisses,
" Nor think him all thy own.
" To-morrow in the church to wed,
" Impatient both prepare:
" But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
" That Lucy will be there.

VI.

“ Then bear my corse, my comrades dear,
“ This bridegroom blythe to meet ;
“ He in his wedding trim so gay,
“ I in my winding-sheet.”
She spoke, she dy’d : Her corse was born,
The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur’d Colin’s thoughts !
How were these nuptials kept !
The bride’s-men flock’d round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell ;
The damps of death bedew’d his brow,
He shook, he groan’d, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch’d before her rival’s corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy’s new-made grave,
Convey’d by trembling swains,
One mold with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind,
And plighted maids are seen,
With garlands gay and true love-knots
They deck the sacred green.
But swain forsworn, whoe’er thou art,
This hallow’d spot forbear ;
Remember Colin’s dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

DERMET'S CRONCH.

I.

ONE Sunday after mafs,
 Dermet and his lafs
 To the greenwood did pafs,
 All alone, all alone,
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

II.

He ask'd for a pogue,
 And ſhe call'd him a rogue,
 And ſtruck him with her brogue,
 Ahon ! ahon ! ahon !

III.

Said he, my dear fhoy,
 Why will you prove coy ?
 Let us play, let us toy,
 All alone, all alone.
 All alone, all alone, all alone.

IV.

If I were ſo mild,
 You are ſo very wild,
 You would get me a ſhild.
 Ahon ! ahon ! ahon !

V.

He brib'd her with fruits,
 And he brib'd her with nuts,
 'Till a thorn prick'd her foot.
 Haloo ! haloo ! haloo ! haloo !

IV.

Shall I pull it out !
 You will hurt me I doubt,
 And make me to ſhout.
 Haloo ! haloo ! haloo !

A REVIEW OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, COVENT-
GARDEN.

I.

HAVING spent all my time
Upon women and wine,
I went to the church out of spite ;
But what the priest said
Is quite out of my head,
I resolv'd not to edify by't.

II.

All the women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the fable top-knots to the scarlets ;
An even wager I'd lay,
That at a foul play,
The house ne'er swarm'd so with harlots.

III.

Madam lovely I saw
With her daughters-in-law,
Whom she offers to sale ev'ry Sunday ;
In the midst of her prayers
She negotiates affairs,
And signs assignations for Monday.

IV.

Next a baron-knight's daughter,
Whose own mother taught her,
By precept and practical notions,
To wear gaudy clothes,
And ogle the beaux,
Was at church, to shew signs of devotion.

V.

Next, a lady of fame,
Whom we shall not name,
She'll give you no trouble in teaching ;
She has a very fine book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

VI.

Madam fair there she sits,
 Almost out of her wits,
 Betwixt vice and devotion debating ;
 She's as vicious as fair,
 And has no business there,
 To hear master Tickle-text prating.

VII.

From the corner of the square
 Comes a hopeful young pair,
 As religious as they see occasion ;
 But if patches or paint
 Be true signs of a faint,
 We've no reason to fear their damnation.

VIII.

When thus he had done,
 He blest every one,
 With his benediction the people :
 So I run to the Crown,
 Lest the church shou'd fall down,
 And beat out my brains with the steeple.

 SUSAN'S COMPLAINT AND REMEDY.

I.

As down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
 Oh ! there I beheld a young beautiful lass,
 Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
 And she on her head wore a garland of green ;
 Her lips were like rubies ; and as for her eyes
 They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies ;
 And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

II.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind ?
 Ah ! why does he change like the wavering wind,
 From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree ?
 Ah ! why does he change to another from me ?

Or does he take pleasure to torture me so?
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow?
 Sufanna will always prove true to her trust,
 'Tis pity lov'd Willy shou'd prove so unjust.

III.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
 There did we pass the soft minutes away;
 Then was I kiss'd and set down on his knee,
 No man in the world was so loving as he.
 And as we went forth to harrow and plough,
 I milk'd him sweet fillabubs under my cow:
 O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee!
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

IV.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts, and his care:
 He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me:
 But if she believe him the false-hearted swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may complain.
 For nought is more certain, believe silly Sue,
 Who once has been faithless can never be true.

V.

She finish'd her song, and rose up to be gone,
 When over the meadow came jolly young John,
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent he wou'd make her his wife:
 She cou'd not refuse him, so to church they went;
 Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
 Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue;
 If men will be false, why shou'd women be true?

 THE COBLER.

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate,
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he cou'd purchase a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends meet.

Derry down, &c,

III.

But love the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
'That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.

Derry down, &c.

V.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spoke, she wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole:
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

 THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

I.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh? where have you been!
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they have laid him on the green!
They have, &c,

II.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,
And wherefore did you fae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.
I bade, &c.

III.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might have been a King.
And the, &c.

IV.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba':
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

V.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove:
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queen's love.
And the, &c.

VI.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
E'er she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town.
E'er she, &c.

IF E'ER I DO WELL, 'TIS A WONDER.

I.

WHEN I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder:

I spent all my means
 On whores, bawds and queans :
 Then I got a commission to plunder.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

II.

The hat I have on,
 So greasy is grown,
 Remarkable 'tis for its shining :
 'Tis stitch'd all about,
 Without button or loop,
 And never a bit of a lining.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
 So thread-bare is grown,
 So out at the arm-pits and elbows,
 That I look as absurd
 As a sailor on board,
 That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilbos.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

IV.

My shirt it is tore
 Both behind and before,
 The colour is much like a cinder ;
 'Tis so thin and so fine,
 That it is my design
 To present it to the muses for tinder.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

V.

My blue fustian breeches
 Are wore to the stitches,
 My legs you may see what's between them ;
 My pockets all four,
 I'm the son of a whore,
 If there's ever one farthing within them.
 Fall all de rall, &c.

VI.

I've stockings 'tis true,
 But the devil a shoe,
 I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather ;

Be damn'd the boot sole,
Curse on the spur roll,
Confounded be the upper leather.
Fall all de rall, &c.

III.

Had you then but seen
The sad plight I was in,
Ye'd not seen such a poet amongst twenty ;
I have nothing that's full,
But my shirt and my skull,
For my pockets and belly were empty.
Fall all de rall, &c.

 THE FUMBLER'S RANT.

I.

Come earls a' of fumlbers ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna please them when 'tis late :
A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer :
What fauts we have our wives can tell ;
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's our sell.

II.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,
The parish priest 'tis he can tell,
We aw him nought but a grey groat,
The offering for the house we dwell.
Our bairns' tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear our sell :
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our nibour's auld son and the las,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He grips her in the dark beguets,
And after that comes meikle wae.

Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 It cost the carl baith corn and hay ;
 We're quat of that with little din,
 Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
 When we think on our nibour Robie,
 The way the carl does, we see,
 Wi' his auld son and his daughter Maggy :
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not ?
 The hussley maun hae corkit shoon :
 We are not fae ; gar fill the pot,
 We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

V.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
 To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam :
 We'll fit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.
 Foul fa' the cock, he's spilt the play,
 And I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll fit a while, 'tis lang to day,
 For a' they rave at Yool.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell ;
 I'll yet me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I should bear't my fell.
 And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me out-ride,
 But we'll take a soup of the barley-bree,
 And drink to our yell fire-side.

 THE MATRON'S WISH.

I.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
 And my visage looks pale ;
 When my forehead has wrinkles,
 And my eye-sight does fail ;

Let my words and my actions
 Be free from all harm,
 And may I have my old husband
 To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

The pleasures of youth
 Are flowers but of May;
 Our life's but a vapour,
 Our body's but clay:
 O let me live well,
 Tho' I live but a day.

II.

With a sermon on Sunday,
 And a bible of good print;
 With a pot on the fire,
 And good viands in't;
 With ale, beer, and brandy,
 Both winter and summer;
 To drink to my gossip,
 And be pledg'd by my cummer.
 The pleasures of, &c.

III.

With pigs and with poultry,
 And some money in store,
 To purchase the needful,
 And to give to the poor:
 With a bottle of Canary
 To sip without sin,
 And to comfort my daughter
 Whene'er she lies in.
 The pleasures of, &c.

IV.

With a bed soft and easy
 To rest on at night,
 With a maid in the morning
 To rise with the light.

To do her work neatly,
 And obey my desire,
 To make the house clean,
 And blow up the fire.
 The pleasures of, &c.

v.

With health and content,
 And a good easy-chair ;
 With a thick hood and mantle,
 When I ride on my mare.
 Let me dwell near my cup-board,
 And far from my foes,
 With a pair of glass eyes
 To clap on my nose.
 The pleasures of, &c.

vi.

And when I am dead,
 With a sigh let them say,
 Our honest old cummer's
 Now laid in the clay ;
 When young, she was cheerful,
 No scold, nor no whore ;
 She assisted her neighbours,
 And gave to the poor.
 Tho' the flower of her youth
 In her age did decay,
 Tho' her life like a vapour
 Evanish'd away,
 She liv'd well and happy
 Unto her last day.

THE FREE MASONS SONG.

i.

COME let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Assembled, on merry occasion :
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
 Our wine has a spring ;
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

II.

The world is in pain
 Our secret to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on:
 They ne'er can divine
 The word, or the sign,
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one,
 With a free and an accepted mason.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been ashamed
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted mason.

V.

Still firm to our trust,
 In friendship we're just,
 Our actions we guide by our reason:
 By observing this rule,
 The passions move cool
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

VI.

All idle debate
 About church or the state,
 The springs of impiety and treason:
 These raisers of strife
 Ne'er ruffle the life
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 Which adds high renown to our station:

There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

VIII.

The clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our square actions their knowledge to place on;
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted mason.

IX.

We're true and sincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion:
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted mason.

X.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a good face on:
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a free and an accepted mason.

THE SAILOR'S RANT.

I.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toy?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
 Goes thorow the world, brave boy.

II.

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright;
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.
 Then why should, &c.

III.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, that to politics are strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try:
 No mortal than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Then why should, &c.

 A LOVE SONG IN THE MODERN TASTE BY DR. SWIFT.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions,
 Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth,
Him the boar, in silence creeping
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers,
Fair Discretion, string the lyre,
Sooth my ever waking numbers,
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy, smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate ;
See the birds of Juno stooping :
Melody resigns to fate.

SILVIA AND THE FLASK.

I THANK thee, my friend,
That at length you declare,
Why Sylvia's so coy
As to shun me with care.

I mus'd every night,
 And rack'd my poor soul,
 To find out the cause
 Of a falsehood so foul.

II.

But she tells me she cannot
 With claret agree,
 That she thinks of a hog'shead
 Whene'er she sees me :
 That I smell like a beast,
 And therefore that I
 Must resolve to forsake her
 Or claret, good claret deny.

III.

Ye gods! was e'er it known
 That beasts smell'd of wine?
 They brutishly abhor
 A liquor so divine :
 'Tis when we are most beasts,
 When like them in common,
 We eagerly go a hunting
 For the next lewd woman.

IV.

Must I leave my dear bottle,
 That has been ever my friend,
 Which prolongs all my joys,
 To my grief puts an end?
 Which inspires me with wit,
 And makes me so sublime,
 That there's none are like us
 That drink the best wine.

V.

But Silvia, whom nature
 So perfect has made,
 Has no room left for wishes,
 New beauties to add.
 Must I leave her? I'm sorry,
 It is too hard a task;
 Yet she may go to the devil,
 Bring me the other flask.

LOVE, DRINK, AND DEBT.

I.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
 These many and many a year ;
 And these are plagues enough I shou'd think
 For any poor mortal to bear.
 'Twas love made me fall into drink,
 And drink made me fall into debt ;
 And tho' I have struggled and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

II.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain :
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets ;
 And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
 Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking again.

THE FARMER'S SON.

SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,
 Be loving and do not slight
 The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,
 I honour your beauty bright ;
 For love I profess, I can do no less,
 Thou hast my favour won :
 And since I see your modesty,
 I pray agree and fancy me,
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

II.

No ; I am a lady gay,
 'Tis very well known I may
 Have men of renown in country and town,
 Sir Roger without delay.
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nanny, or Prue,
 Their loves will soon be won ;

But don't ye dare to speak me fair,
As tho' I were at my last pray'r,
To marry a farmer's son.

III.

My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year and more,
Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows and ploughs,
His age is above threescore :
And when he gives way, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won ;
Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.

IV.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
Your proffer'd love I scorn ;
'Tis known very well, my name is Nell,
And you're but a bumkin born.
Well, since it is so, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done :
Farewell, adieu, I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

V.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree :
For, man, I protest, I was but in jest,
Come prithee sit down by me ;
For thou art the man that verily can
Perform what must be done,
Both straight and tall, genteel withal ;
Therefore I shall be at your call
To marry a farmer's son.

VI.

Dear Nelly, believe me now,
I solemnly swear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleasure in their wives
Like fellows that drive the plough.

For whatever they gain with labour and pain,
 They don't to harlots run,
 As courtiers do; I never knew
 A London beau that cou'd outdo
 A country farmer's son.

 THE ANGEL WOMAN.

I.

WHEN thy beauty appears
 With its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel
 New dropt from the sky;
 At a distance I gaze,
 And am aw'd by my fears!
 So strangely you dazzle mine eye!

II.

But when without art
 Your thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes
 Through every vein,
 When it darts from your eyes,
 When it pants from your heart,
 Then I know you are a woman again.

III.

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex she reply'd,
 And thus (might I gratify both):
 I would do,
 Still an Angel appear
 To each lover beside,
 But still be a Woman to you.

 ROGER'S COURTSHIP.

YOUNG Roger came tapping
 At Dolly's window,
 Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump.

He begg'd for admittance,
She answer'd him, no ;
Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.
My Dolly, my dear,
Your true love is here,
Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.
No, no, Roger, no,
As you came you may go,
Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

II.

Oh what is the reason,
Dear Dolly? he cry'd :
Humpaty, &c.
That thus I am cast off.
And unkindly deny'd :
Trumpaty, &c.
Some rival more dear
I guess has been here :
Crumpaty, &c.
Suppose there's been two, Sir,
Pray what's that to you, Sir?
Numpaty, &c.

III.

Oh! then with a sad look
His farewell he took :
Humpaty, &c.
And all in despair
He leap'd into the brook :
Plumpaty, &c.
His courage he cool'd,
He found himself fool'd :
Mumpaty, &c.
He swam to the shore,
And saw Dolly no more :
Rumpaty, &c.

IV.

Oh! then she recall'd,
And recall'd him again:
Humpaty, &c.

Whilst he like a madman
Ran over the plain :
Slumpaty, &c.
Determin'd to find
A damsel more kind :
Plumpaty, &c.
While Dolly afraid
She must die an old maid :
Mumpaty, &c.

JUMP AT A CRUST.

I.

As I am a friend,
Be willing to lend
An ear to these lines,
Which in pity I penn'd.
'Tis a cordial advice,
Girls be not too nice,
Young lovers are now
At another gate price
Than they have been.

II.

I pray you refrain
Your scorn and disdain,
If young men you slight,
They'll slight you again.
They'll make you run mad,
Sigh heavy and sad,
There are not so many
Young men to be had
As there have been.

III.

Perhaps you suppose
Fine furbelow'd clothes
Will serve for a portion :
But under the rose,

If truth may be spoke,
 'Tis but a mere joke,
 For love without money
 Will vanish like smoke,
 Let me tell ye.

IV.

The country clown,
 When he comes to town,
 He values not miss
 With her butterfly-gown;
 I tell you it won't do,
 There must be a few
 Bright glittering guineas,
 A thousand or two,
 Or he'll leave ye.

V.

Young men are grown wise,
 A portion they prize,
 They're done with the charms
 Of your conquering eyes.
 A portion! they cry,
 If love you would buy;
 In order to purchase,
 You then must bid high,
 Or live single.

VI.

Once batchelors they
 Did sigh, whine, and pray;
 But still were put off
 With a scornful delay.
 Down with your dust,
 A portion there must;
 Poor girls wou'd be glad
 To jump at a crust,
 Cou'd ye get it.

MERRY BEGGARS.

First Beggar.

I ONCE was a poet at London,
I kept my heart still full of glee ;
There's no man can say that I'm undone,
For begging's no new trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

Second Beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
And after a knight of the post ;
Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,
And I value not who rules the roast.
Tol derol, &c.

Third Beggar.

Make room for a soldier in buff,
Who valiantly strutted about,
Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely fold out.
Tol derol, &c.

Fourth Beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face ;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir,
Because he mis'd getting a place.
Tol derol, &c.

Fifth Beggar.

I still am a merry gut-scaper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm ;
Tho' poor, I can frolic and vapour,
And sing any tune but a psalm.
Tol derol, &c.

Sixth Beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd :
But my hearers half-starved their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I said.
Tol derol, &c.

First Beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
 Let him list, and from us he may learn;
 In palaces who shall you see
 Half so happy as we in a barn?
 Tol derol, &c.

CHORUS of all,
 Whoe'er would be merry, &c.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

I.

LITTLE Syren of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire;

II.

Bane of every manly art,
 Sweet enfeebler of the heart:
 Oh too pleasing is thy strain!
 Hence to southern climes again.

III.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell:
 Leave us as we ought to be,
 Leave the Britons rough and free.

HAPPINESS.

Tune,—*To all you ladies now at hand.*

I.

My dearest maid, since you desire
 To know what I would wish,
 What store of health I would require,
 To gain true happiness,
 This faithful inventory take
 Of all that life can easy make.

O 2

II.

Here happy only are the few
Who wish to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their small income ;
An income which should ever be
The fruit of honest industry.

III.

A soul serene and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

IV.

A heart that's always circumspect,
Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wisely can reflect,
Not easy to believe,
As to my dress, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a stain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and cheerful fire
To drive away the cold,
A moderate glass one would require
When merry tales are told :
The company of an easy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

VI.

Some shelves of books of the right kind,
For knowledge and delight,
Nor intricate, nor interlin'd
With narrow party spite :
A garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's gradations through the year.

VII.

To give true relish to delight,
A chaste and cheerful wife,
With sweetest humour to unite
Our hearts as long as life :

Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn
Shall join the evening to the morn.

VIII.

So would we live agreeably
And ever be content,
To Providence ay thankful be
For all those blessings lent.
O sov'reign power ! but grant me this,
No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

SMIRKY NAN.

I.

AH ! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,
See how I'm wasted to a span ?
My heart I lost, when first I spy'd
The charming lovely milk-maid Nan.
I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze
Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan,
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,
And all for thee, my smirky Nan.

II.

The ale-wife misses me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can ;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
The baker makes the best of bread,
The flour he takes and leaves the bran ;
The bran is every other maid
Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

III.

But Dick o' the green, that nasty lown,
Last Sunday to my mistress ran,
He snatch'd a kiss : I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.
But hark ! the roaring foger comes,
And rattles, tantara tarran,
She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
Woes me ! I've lost my smirky Nan.

TARRY WOO.

I.

TARRY WOO, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is hastens done ;
But when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as you go
Through the winter's frost and snow ;
Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No by ha'f so useful are :
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too :
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer, mae :
No such music to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

v.

He lives content, and envies none;
 Not even a monarch on his throne.
 Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holidays,
 Who'd be a king, can only tell,
 When a shepherd sings so well;
 Sings fae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

ON HENRIETTA'S RECOVERY.

Tune—*My deary if thou die.*

If heaven, its blessings to augment,
 Call Henny to the skies.
 Hence from the earth flies all content,
 The moment that she dies;
 For in this earth there is no fair
 Can give such joy to me;
 How great must then be my despair,
 My Henny, an thou die?

II.

But now pale sickness leaves her face,
 And now my charmer smiles;
 New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
 And all my fear beguiles:
 The bounteous powers have heard the pray'rs
 I daily made for thee,
 Like them be kind, and ease my cares,
 Else I myself must die.

HODGE OF THE MILL AND BUXOM NELL.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
 One morning very soon,
 Put on his best apparel,
 New hose and clouted shoon;

And he a wooing came,
 To bonny buxom Nell,
 Dear lass cried he, coud'st fancy me,
 I like thee wond'rous well.

II.

My horses I have drefs'd,
 And gi'en them corn and hay,
 Put on my best apparel ;
 And having come this way,
 Let's sit and chat a while
 With thee, my bonny Nell.
 Dear lass, cried he, cou'dst fancy me,
 I'fe like thy person well.

III.

Young Roger you're mistaken,
 The damsel then reply'd,
 I'm not in such a haste
 To be a ploughman's bride ;
 Know I then live in hopes
 To marry a farmer's son ;
 If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go ;
 Sweet mistress, I have done.

IV.

Your horses you have drefs'd,
 Good Hodge, I heard you say,
 Put on your best apparel ;
 And being come this way,
 Come sit and chat a while.
 O no indeed, not I,
 I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
 I've other fish to fry.

IV.

Go take your farmer's son,
 With all my honest heart :
 What tho' my name be Roger,
 That goes at plough and cart ?
 I need not tarry long,
 I soon may gain a wife ;
 There's buxom Joan, it is well known,
 She loves me as her life.

VI.

Pray what of buxom Joan?
Can't I please you as well!
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxom Nell;
And I have fifty shillings,
The money made him smile:
O then my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

VII.

Within the space of half an hour
This couple a bargain struck,
Hoping that with their money.
They both wou'd have good luck:
To your fifty I've forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
Then who but you and I?

BUTTERY MAY.

I.

In yonder town there wons a May,
Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
She is fae jimp, se gamp, fae gay,
Sae capernoytie, and fae bonny;
She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
But she was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
Tho' he were ne'er fae noble a kin.

II.

Her bonnynefs has been foreseen
In ilka town baith far and near,
And when she kirns her minny's kirn,
She rubs her face till it grows clear;
But when her minny she did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
'Tis crish that gars your grunzie glitter.

There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
 The las with the petticoat dances right well,
 Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,
 An ye dance ony mair, we'fe tell Mefs Johnny.
 Sing, &c.

THE WISE PENITENT.

Sung by Mr Gay.

I.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade ;
 With arms across, and head reclin'd ;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind ;
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions, seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats !
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;
 I faintly hear in your soft notes
 My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.
 But why should you your songs forbear ?
 Your mates delight your songs to hear,
 But Chloe mine disdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy stood
 Dejected, as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood,
 I feel a sound my heart strings move :
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;
 No, 'tis Chloe's sweeter tongue :
 Hark ! hark ! what says my love ?

IV.

How simple is the nymph she cries,
 Who trifles with her lover's pain ?
 Nature still speaks in womens eyes,
 Our artful lips are made to feign.

Oh Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd :
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with trickling motion flew,
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd
And hasty from his hold withdrew :
'Twas fear alone thou simple swain ;
Then hadst thou press'd my hand again
My heart had yielded too.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd.
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek :
Think not thy skill in song defam'd.
Thy lip should other pleasures seek.
Much, much thy music I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
Much more to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd ;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone !
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd ;
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd come away,
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah Chloe! thou art won.

VIII.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay ;
A sudden light'ned in her face,
Confus'd she knew not what to say :
At last, in broken words she cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day.

OLD DARBY.

An Advice to Chloe.

I.

DEAR CHLOE, while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain;
 Your maxim that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve;
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn
 Fruition the sun-shine of love.
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 You ne'er can forget it was day,

III.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You have often regarded with wonder,
 He's dropfical, she is dim-eye'd.
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door;
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to cover
 Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that youth did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

V.

Those traces for ever will last,
 No sickness or time can remove :
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these ;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decipit old age cannot freeze.

THE MODERN MARRIAGE-QUESTION.

I.

HAPPY the world in that blest age,
 When beauty was not bought and sold,
 When the fair mind was uninflam'd
 With the mean thirst of baneful gold.
 With the mean thirst, &c.

II.

Then the kind shepherd when he sigh'd,
 The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,
 Was not by cruel parents forc'd
 To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth
 To breathe, &c.

III.

Now the first question fathers ask,
 When for their girls fond lovers sue,
 Is,—What's the settlement you'll make !
 You're poor !—He flings the door at you.
 You're poor, &c.

THE COUNTRY-WAKE.

I'll sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
 Give but attention unto me a while,
 Of transactions in court, and in country too,
 Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil :

Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,
 To some 'twill give joy,
 And some others annoy :
 All's fair at a country wake.
 All's fair, &c.

II.

Many ladies at court are styl'd unpolite,
 Because truly virtuous and prone to no ill ;
 Whilst others, who sparkle in diamonds bright,
 Are stript of their pride at basset or quadrille,
 Till their losses at play do their lords credit shake :
 Then their toys to recover,
 They'll grant the last favour :
 Strange news at a country-wake.
 Strange news, &c.

III.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,
 Tho' very bad statesmen, I freely confess,
 They design harm to none, but a fox or a hare,
 And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
 The farmer's industry doth earth fertile make ;
 The husbandman's plowing,
 His planting and sowing,
 Gets health and good cheer at a country wake.
 Gets health, &c.

IV.

Our maids blooming-fair, without washes or paints,
 From neighbouring villages hither resort,
 They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints ;
 (Who can say more for the ladies at court ?)
 No worldly cares vex them, asleep or awake,
 But their time they improve
 In peace and true love,
 And innocent mirth at a country-wake.
 And innocent, &c.

V.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigues :
 Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we despise,
 Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigues,
 Who chooses the former is happy and wise :

Now let's pray for the king, and, for Britain's sake,
 From all factions free,
 May his subjects agree,
 As well at the court as the country-wake,
 As well, &c.

OATHS IN FASHION.

CUSTOM prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
 Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on ;
 Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
 Without e'er desigining to keep one.
 For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
 A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name ;
 A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame,
 Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

THE TERRIBLE LAW.

I.

THE terrible law, when it fastens its paw
 On a poor man, it grips till he's undone ;
 And what I am doing may prove to my ruin,
 Tho' rich as the lord mayor of London.

II.

Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,
 Unless we first make a sure zure bargain ;
 I will be dempnified, thoroughly satisfied,
 That ch'an shan't zuffer a varding.

THE PLAY OF LOVE.

First Act.

THE play of love is now begun,
 And thus the actions do go on ;
 Strephon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
 She hears him with a careless air,
 And smiles to find him in love's snare.

Second Act.

The act-tune play'd, they meet again,
 Here pity moves her for his pain,
 Which she evades with some pretence,
 And thinks she may with love dispense,
 But pants to hear a man of sense.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
 She colours up whene'er she speaks ;
 But with feign'd flights she put him by,
 And faintly cries, she can't comply,
 Altho' she gives her heart the lie.

Fourth Act.

Now the plot rises, he seems shy,
 As if some other fair he'd try ;
 At which she swells with spleen and fear,
 Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,
 Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The last act now is wrought so high,
 That thus it crowns the lovers joy ;
 She does no more his passion shun,
 He straight into her arms does run :
 The curtain falls, the play is done.

 FANNY FAIR.

I.

To Fanny fair could I impart
 The cause of all my woe !
 That beauty which has won my heart,
 She scarcely seems to know :
 Unskill'd in the art of womankind,
 Without design she charms ;
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
 Which every bosom warms ?

II.

She knows her power is all deceit,
 The conscious blushes shows,
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet
 Than th' op'ning budding rose ;
 Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
 That charms the sense so much,
 Upon a thorny briar grows,
 And wounds with ev'ry touch.

III.

At first when I beheld the fair,
 With raptures I was blest ;
 But as I would approach more near,
 At once I lost my rest ;
 Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,
 Prepare me for my doom ;
 One cruel look from those bright eyes
 Will lay me in my tomb.

 THE BOTTLE PREFERRED.

I.

PROUD woman, I scorn you,
 Brisk wine's my delight,
 I'll drink all the day,
 And I'll revel all night.

II.

As great as a monarch,
 The moments I pass,
 The bottle's my globe,
 And my sceptre's the glass.

III.

The table's my throne,
 And the tavern's my court,
 The drawer's my subject,
 And drinking's my sport.

IV.

Here's the chief of all joy,
 Here's a mistress ne'er coy ;
 Dear cure of all sorrows,
 And life of all blifs :
 I'm a king when I hug you,
 But more when I kifs.

 TIPPLING JOHN.

I.

As tippling John was jogging on,
 Upon a riot night,
 With tottering pace, and fiery face,
 Suspicious of high flight ;
 The guards, who took him by his look
 For some chief fiery-brand,
 Ask'd whence he came ? what was his name ?
 Who are you ? Stand, friend, stand.

II.

I'm going home, from meeting come,
 Ay, says one, that's the case ;
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see
 The flame's still in his face.
 John thought it time to purge his crime,
 And said, my chief intent
 Was to assuage my thirsty rage,
 I' th' meeting that I meant.

III.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
 Says one, pray let us know,
 That we may find how you're inclin'd ;
 Are you high-church or low ?
 John said to that, I'll tell you what,
 To end debates and strife,
 All I can say, this is the way
 I steer my course of life.

IV.

I ne'er to Bow, nor Burgeses go,
 To steeple, house, nor hall,
 The brisk bar bell best suits my zeal
 With gentlemen, d'ye call ;
 Guess then, am I low church or high,
 From that tow'r, or no steeple,
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
 And must make high flown people ?

V.

The guards came on, and look'd at John
 With countenance most pleasant,
 By whisper round they all soon found
 He was no damag'd peasant.
 Thus while John stood the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their decision ;
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
 He's of our own religion.

 BELINDA.

I.

Would fate to me Belinda give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 Nor a greater blifs desire.

II.

My charming nymph, if you can find
 Amongst the race of human kind
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

III.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
 With all her beauty all her charms ;
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories, on the glories,
 On the glories of a crown.

BEAUTY AND RIGOUR.

I.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd ;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.
 And the cause, &c.

II.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.
 She wounds, &c.

III.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess ;
 In Silvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.
 Who sees her, &c.

 THE RIVAL.

I.

Of all the torment, all the care,
 By which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,
 A rival is the worst.
 By partners in another kind
 Afflictions easier grow,
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our woe.

II.

Silvia, for all the griefs you see
 Arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 Would you but slight the rest.
 Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope,
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

HUNTING SONG GOING OUT.

I.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry tun'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn;
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of Huntsmen.

All the day long,
 This, this is our song,
 Still hallooing,
 And following;
 So frolic and free,
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds.
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

II.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo hillo;
 With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies.
 All the day, &c.

III.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
 Up the heath breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labour we feel!
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
 All the day, &c.

 THE RETURN FROM THE CHACE.

I.

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields;
 The merry, merry, merry horn calls, come, come away,
 Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day.
 The merry, &c.

II.

The stag rouz'd before us, away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,
 Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.
 Then follow, &c.

III.

The day's sport when over makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night;
 Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
 Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.
 Then let us, &c.

THE GIRL THAT'S BLYTH AND GAY.

Tune,—*Black Jock.*

OF all the girls in our town,
 Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
 With their soft eyes, and faces so bright;
 Give me a girl that's blyth and gay,
 As warm as June, and as sweet as May,
 With her heart free, and faithful as light.
 What lovely couple then cou'd be
 So happy and so blest as we!
 On whom the sweetest joys wou'd smile,
 And all the cares of life beguile,
 Entranc'd in bliss each rapt'rous night.

CYNTHIA'S PERPLEXITY.

I.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
 Yet she's vex'd if I give over;
 Much she fears I should undo her,
 But much more to lose her lover;
 Thus in doubting she refuses,
 And not winning thus she loses.

II.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
 Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you ;
 Then too late, desire will find you
 When the power must forsake you.
 Think upon the sad condition
 To be past, yet wish fruition.

 NOUGHT BUT LOVE.

I.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were pent within the fold ;
 When from the silence of the grove,
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love !

II.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock, or oozy beach ;
 Who from each barren weed that grows
 Expects the grape, or blushing peach ;
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, nor gardens fair,
 A maiden's venal heart to gain :
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas ! have nought but love.

IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold ?
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
 Cold can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I, alas ! have nought but love.

V.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth what treasure can suffice?
Not all their shine can ever boast
The living lustre of her eyes:
For these the world too cheap would prove;
But I, alas! have nought but love.

VI.

O Sylvia! since nor gems, nor ore,
Can with your brighter gems compare,
Consider that I offer more,
More seldom found a soul sincere:
Let riches meaner beauties move,
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I were once his fondest friend,
That instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shady grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph in my pain;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

As after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
 The too well guided arrow flew.

II.

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
 O cruel! cou'dst thou find none other!
 To wreck thy spleen on? parricide,
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother!
 Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy the mistake,
 I took you for your likeness Chloe.

SILVIA TO ALEXIS.

I.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover!
 How bashful and silly you grow!
 In my eyes can you never discover
 I mean Yes, when I often say No?
 I mean, &c.

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II.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,
 And only intreat for a kiss;
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,
 Alexis should ravish the bliss.
 Alexis should, &c.

III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
 To make some defence for the town:
 To surrender without it were treason,
 Before that the out-works were won.
 Before that, &c.

IV.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;
 He is but a pitiful lover
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.
 Who is, &c.

V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield;
 I am not to be won by a coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the field.
 Who hardly, &c.

 THE SERIOUS LOVER.

I.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you have won,
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or, Jenny, I'm undone.
 You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change
 At every face that's new:
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye ;
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true ;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

 THE GRATEFUL ADMIRER.

FALSE tho' she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last ;
 But tho' the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.
 I'm grateful, &c.

 CELIA AND SABINA.

I.

THIRSI, a young and am'rous swain,
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
 Who both his heart subdued :
 Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair ;
 Sabina's easy shape and air,
 With softer music drew.

II.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die :
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Celia's shape ran down,
 And she Sabina's eye.

III.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes that love could only blind ;
So set the lover free.
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or, with a true love knot or name,
Engraves a wounded tree.

IV.

Ah Celia! fly Sabina cry'd,
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! says Celia, say no more ;
That spite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

THE FAIR WARNING.

YOUNG virgins love pleasure,
As misers do treasure ;
And both alike study
To heighten the measure ;
Their hearts they will rife
For every new trifle,
And when in their teens
Fall in love for a song ;
But soon as they marry,
And find things miscarry :
Oh ! how they sigh
That they were not more wary.
Instead of soft wooing,
They run to their ruin,
And all their lives after
Drag sorrow along.

 PETTICOAT WOOING.

I.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 How can I speak without pain ?
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes :
 Why can't you the meaning explain ?

II.

My passion wou'd lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame ;
 Then pray don't expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

III.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 How can you expect it from me ?
 Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be,

IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.

 COLIN'S REPLY.

I.

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool ;
 For me I would not give a shilling
 For one that does love without rule.

II.

At least ye should wait for our offers,
 Not snatch like old maids in despair ;
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs were all spent in the air.

III.

You shou'd leave us to guess by your blushing,
 And not tell the matter so plain ;
 'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain.

IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I see;
The fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

THE COUNTRY LASSES AMBITION.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass?
I read it plainly in my glafs,
That for a dutchefs I might pass,
Oh! could I see the day!
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand by, clear the way.

II.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,
At rivals I'll turn up my nose;
Oh! could I see the day!
I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
Shall make some duke, or lord, my prize;
And then, oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a stand by, clear the way.

III.

Oh! then for every new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night;
Oh! could I see the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my will,
With a stand by, clear the way.

THE FOLLOWING SONG IS SAID TO BE MADE
IN HONOUR OF OUR SOVEREIGN LADY,
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Ye are but officers of the skies;
What are you when the moon doth rise?

II.

You violets that first appear,
By your fine purple colour known,
Taking possession of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are ye when the rose is blown?

III.

You charming birds, that in the woods,
Do warble forth your lively lays,
Making your passion understood
In softest notes: What is your praise,
When Philomel her voice does raise?

IV.

You glancing jewels of the east,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems; what is your praise,
When the bright diamond shews his rays?

V.

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice, and smell,
What are ye if my Mary shine?
Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,
Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,
And yield to merit more divine.

VI.

Thus when my mistress you have seen,
In beauties of her face and mind,
First, by descent, she is a Queen;
Judge then if she be not divine,
And glory of all womankind.

VII.

There rose and lily, the hale spring,
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;
 The diamond darkens in the ring :
 When she appears the moon looks dead,
 As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

 THERE GOWANS ARE GAY.

I.

THERE gowans are gay, my joy,
 There gowans are gay :
 They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,
 The first morning of May.

II.

About the fields as I did pass,
 There gowans are gay ;
 I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,
 The first morning of May.

III.

Right busy was that bonny maid,
 There gowans are gay ;
 I hafs'd her, syne to her I said,
 The first morning of May :

IV.

O lady fair, what do you here ?
 There gowans are gay :
 Gathering the dew, what need ye speir ?
 The first morning of May.

V.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean ?
 There gowans are gay ;
 Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,
 The first morning of May.

VI.

I asked farther at her syne,
 There gowans are gay,
 Gif to my will she wad incline ?
 The first morning of May.

VII.

She said, her errand was not there,
 Where gowans are gay ;
 Her maidenhead on me to ware,
 The first morning of May.

VIII.

Then like an arrow from a bow,
 There gowans are gay ;
 She skift away out o'er the know,
 The first morning of May.

IX.

And left me in the garth my lane,
 There gowans are gay ;
 And in my heart a twang of pain,
 The first morning of May.

X.

The little birds they sang full sweet,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Unto my comfort was right meet,
 The first morning of May.

XI.

And thereabout I past my time,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Until it was the hour of prime,
 The first morning of May.

XII.

And then returned hame bedeen,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Pansand what maiden that had been,
 The first morning of May.

 SLIGHTED LOVE SAIR TO BIDE.

I.

I HAD a heart, but now I heartless gae ;
 I had a mind, but daily was opprest ;
 I had a friend that's now become my fae ;
 I had a will that now has freedom lost :

What have I now?
 Naithing I trow,
 But grief where I had joy:
 What am I then?
 A heartless man:
 Could love me thus destroy!
 I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
 Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

II.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face?
 Where shall I find a place for my defence?
 Where my true love remains the fittest place,
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.
 She is my heart
 'Till I depart:
 Let her do what she list,
 I cannot mend,
 But still depend,
 And daily to insist,
 To purchase love, if love my love deserve;
 If not for love, let love my body starve.

III.

O lady fair, whom I do honour most,
 Your name and fame within my breast I have;
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
 But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,
 That I am true,
 And fall not rue
 Ane word that I have said:
 I am your man,
 Do what you can,
 When all these plays are play'd.
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

THE INVITATION.

I.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder spring,
Where we may hear the black-bird sing,
The robin-red-breast and the thrush,
And nightingale in thorny bush,
The mavis sweetly carolling ;
This to my love, this to my love,
Content will bring.

II.

See where the nymph, with all her train.
Comes skipping through the park amain,
And in this grove she means to stay,
At barley breaks to sport and play ;
Where we may sit us down and see
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt,
With chastity.

III.

In yonder dale are finest flowers,
With many pleasant shady bowers,
A purling brook, whose silver streams
Are beautified with Phœbus' beams ;
Which steal out through the trees for fear,
Because Diana, because Diana
Bathes her there.

IV.

All her delight is as ye see,
This way to sport, and here to be
Delighting in this caller spring,
Only to bathe herself therein,
Until Actæon her espy'd ;
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket
Did she glyde.

V.

And there by magic-art she wrought,
And in her heart she thus bethought
With secret speed away to flee
And he a hart was turn'd to be ;

Because he follow'd Diana's train,
His life he lost, his life he lost,
Her love to gain.

CAST AWAY CARE.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits :
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no restoir ;
But I will sing hey down-a-dee,
And cast doilt care away frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,
The more I have, the more I fret ;
Love I much, I care for more,
The more I have I think I'm poor :
Thus grief and care my mind opprefs,
Nor wealth or wae gives no redress ;
Therefore I'll care no more in vain,
Since care has cost me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this warld a flidd'ry ball ?
And thinks men strange to catch a fall ?
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow ?
And fortune's but a painted shew,
Why shou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by these comes no relief ?
Some careful saw what careless reap,
And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

III.

Well then, ay learn to know thyself,
And care not for this warldly pelf :
Whether thy 'state be great or small,
Give thanks to God whate'er befall,
Sae fall thou then ay live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease ;
Then may'st thou sing, hey down-a-dee,
When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

THE FAIREST OF HER DAYS.

I.

WHOE'ER beholds my Helen's face,
 And says not that good hap has she ;
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
 Sall think nane ever spake but she.
 The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.

II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill :
 Her virtues kindle strong desires
 In them that think upon her still.
 The short way, &c.

III.

Her red is like unto the rose
 Whose buds are op'ning to the sun ;
 Her comely colours to disclose
 The first degree of ripeness won.
 The short way, &c.

IV.

And with the red is mixt the white,
 Like to the sun or fair moon shine,
 That does upon clear waters light,
 And makes the colour seem divine.
 The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.

N. B. The six foregoing Songs I took out of a very
 old MSS. Collection, wrote by a Gentleman in
 Aberdeen.

 LORD HENRY AND KATHARINE.

IN ancient times, in Britain's isle,
 Lord Henry well was known,
 Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
 Or more deserv'd renown ;
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His thoughts on honour always run,
 He ne'er cou'd bow to love ;
 No nymph in all the land had charms
 His frozen heart to move.

II.

Amongst the nymphs where Katharine came,
 The fairest face she shows,
 She was as bright as morning sun,
 And sweeter than a rose :
 Although she was of mean degree,
 She daily conquests gains ;
 For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
 Escap'd her powerful chains.

III.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
 Her cheek grew pale and wan,
 A pining seiz'd her lovely form,
 And cures were all in vain :
 The sickness was to all unknown
 That did the fair one waste ;
 Her time in sighs and flood of tears,
 And broken slumbers past.

IV.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,
 Oh Henry, I'm undone !
 Oh cruel fate ! oh wretched maid !
 Thy love must ne'er be known !
 Such is the fate of womankind,
 They must the truth conceal,
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 Ere I my love reveal.

V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
 To Henry hy'd away ;
 My Lord, says she, we've found the cause
 Of Katharine's quick decay.
 She in a dream the secret told,
 Till now no mortal knew :
 Alas ! she now expiring lies,
 And dies for love of you !

The gen'rous Henry's soul was touch'd,
 His heart began to flame;
 Ah, poor unhappy maid! he cry'd,
 Yet I am not to blame.
 Ah Kath'rine! too too modest maid,
 Thy love I never knew,
 I'll ease your pain: and swift as wind
 To her bed side he flew.

VII.

Awake! awake! he fondly cry'd,
 Awake! awake! my dear;
 If I had only guess'd your love,
 You ne'er had shed a tear:
 'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,
 Renew thy wonted charms;
 I come to save thee from despair,
 And take thee to my arms.

VIII.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,
 She rais'd her drooping head,
 And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
 She started from the bed;
 Around his neck her arms she flung,
 In extasy, and cried,
 Will you be kind? Will you indeed;
 My love!—and so she died.

 THE MILKING-PAIL.

I.

YE nymphs and Silvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When spring newly born herself does adorn
 With flowers and blooming buds:
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze
 On yonder pleasant vale,
 Of those that choose to milk their ewes,
 And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,
 To carry the milking pail.

II.

You goddesses of the morn,
With blushes you adorn,
And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare
A consort on each green thorn :
The black bird and thrush, on every bush,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do strain,
To entertain the jolly train
Of those of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do rore,
And flowers will spring no more,
The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
With winter's all candied o'er.
See how the town lass looks with her white face,
And her lips so deadly pale ;
But it is not so with those that go
Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

IV.

The miss of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's old :
While she of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cushions plumps her tail.
What joys are found in rushy ground,
Young plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,
Of those of the milking pail ?

V.

You girls of Venus game,
That venture health and fame.
In practising feats, with cold and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame :
If men were so wise to value the prize
Of wares most fit for sale,
What store of beaux would daub their clothes,
To save a nose, by following of those
Who carry the milking-pail ;

VI.

The country lad is free
 From fears and jealousy,
 Whilst upon the green he is often seen
 With his lass upon his knee ;
 With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,
 And swears she'll never grow stale :
 But the London lass, in every place,
 With brazen face, despises the grace
 Of those of the milking-pail.

 PHILLIS DESPISE NOT.

I.

PHILLIS, despise not your faithful lover,
 Play not the tyrant, because you are fair ;
 Beauty will fade, my charming maid,
 Just as the lily, My beautiful Philly,
 Cease to prove coy, smile on the boy,
 Grant him the blessing he longs to enjoy.

II.

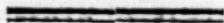
Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my Philly :
 Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd ?
 Angel divine ! wert thou but mine ;
 Pity my story, I laugh all at glory ;
 Here I protest, on thy dear breast,
 With thee in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

 DRINK WHILE YE CAN.

Let's drink, my friends, while here we live,
 The fleeting moments as they pass
 This silent admonition give,
 T' improve our time, and push the glass.

II.

When once we've enter'd Charon's boat,
 Farewell to drinking, joys divine,
 There's not a drop to weet our throat,
 The grave's a cellar void of wine.



MEDDLERS OUT OF SEASON.

I.

Come, lad's, ne'er plague your heads
 With what is done in Spain,
 But leave to them
 Who are supreme,
 To settle peace again:
 Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,
 Pays no nation's debt ;
 'Tis time must clear it,
 Just like claret,
 When it is on the fret.

II.

Each one should mind his own,
 Not business of the state :
 This all we get,
 By meddling yet,
 More troubles to create,
 Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,
 But disturb the town :
 Such men of mettle,
 In a kettle,
 Make two holes for one.

III.

If you the dangers knew
 Of those that wear a crown,
 You'd scarce envy
 A state so high,
 But wisely use your own:
 Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,
 With the dazzling height ;

Yet daily stooping,
Almost drooping
Underneath the weight,

IV.

Low swains that range the plains,
Their native freedom keep,
Who yet command,
With crook in hand,
Their faithful dog and sheep :
Their leisure, pleasure, sporting, courting,
None but time deceive ;
Whilst Amaryllis,
Jug and Phillis,
Flow'ry garlands weave.

COMPLAINT ON SCORN.

I.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face,
I can behold with love !
To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind :
And as I range from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

II.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part ;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart,
So restless exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where ;
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

LOVE OR WINE.

I.

If Phillis denies me relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine;
 Though she laughs at my am'rous grief,
 At my mirth why should she repine?
 At my mirth, &c.

II.

The sparkling Champaign shall remove
 All the cares my dull grief has in store:
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 And by drinking what can I do more?
 And by drinking, &c.

III.

Would Phillis but pity my pain,
 Or my am'rous vows would approve,
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but love.
 And be drunk, &c.

*Twenty-one favourite Songs in the Beggar's
 Opera.*

SONG I.

Tune,—*An old Woman clothed in Grey, &c.*

THROUGH all the employments of life,
 Each neighbour abuses his brother:
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife:
 All professions be-rogue one another.
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
 And the statesman because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

SONG II.

Tune,—*The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.*

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :
 Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind,
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts :
 For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
 And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

SONG III.

Tune,—*Why is your faithful slave disdain'd ? &c.*

If love the virgin's heart invade;
 How, like a moth, the simple maid
 Still plays about the flame !
 If soon she be not made a wife,
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
 She's what I dare not name.

SONG IV.

Tune,—*Of all the simple Things we do, &c.*

MAID is like a golden ore,
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,
 Whose worth is never known, before
 It is try'd, and imprest in the mint.
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,
 Stamp'd with the name of her spouse ;
 Now here, now there ; is bought or is sold ;
 And is current in every house.

SONG V.

Tune,—*What shall I do to shew how much I love her, &c.*

VIRGNIS are like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet,)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all-enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trode under feet.

SONG VI.

Tune,—*Oh London is a fine Town.*

OUR Polly is a sad slut, nor heeds what we taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter,
For she must have both hoods and gowns,
And hoops to swell her pride,
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace;
And she will have men beside;
And when she's drest with care and cost,
All tempting fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber,
She flings herself away.
Our Polly is a sad slut, &c.

SONG VII.

Tune,—*Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.*

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kist me, so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd;
So I thought it both safest and best,
To marry for fear you should chide.

SONG VIII.

Tune,—*A Soldier and a Sailor.*

A fox may steal your hens, fir,
 A whore your health and pence, fir,
 Your daughter rob your chest, fir,
 Your wife may steal your rest, fir,
 A thief your goods and plate;
 But this is all but picking,
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken:
 It ever was decreed, fir,
 If lawyers hand is feed, fir,
 He steals your whole estate.

SONG IX.

Tune,—*Over the hills and far away.*

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
 And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
 Warm amidst eternal frost,
 Too soon the half-year's night would pass.
 Were I fold on Indian soil,
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
 I could mock the sultry toil,
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.
 And I would love you all the day,
 Every night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray,
 Over the hills and far away.

SONG X.

Tune,—*O the broom, &c.*

THE miser thus a shilling fees,
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,
 And fears 'tis gone for aye.
 The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,
 The bird in silence eyes;
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
 Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

SONG XI.

Tune,—*Cotillon.*

YOUTH's the season made for joys;
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone who that employs
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,
 Youth's the season, &c.
 Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow,
 Love with youth flies swift to-day,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring,
 Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

SONG XII.

Tune,—*When once I lay with another Man's Wife.*

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
 If they meddle, your all is in danger;
 Like gypsies, if once they can finger a soufe,
 Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
 And they give your estate to a stranger.

SONG XIII.

Tune,—*Courtiers, Courtiers think it no harm, &c.*

MAN may escape from rope or gun,
 Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
 Who takes a woman must be undone,
 That basilisk is sure to kill.
 The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
 So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
 He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

SONG XIV.

Tune,—*The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.*

THE first time at the looking glass
 The mother sets her daughter,
 The image strikes the smiling lass,
 With self-love ever after.
 Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
 Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger :
 But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,
 Can see you are not younger.

SONG XV.

Tune,—*How happy are we, &c.*

WHEN you censure the age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Left the courtiers offended should be :
 If you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis pat to all the tribe,
 Each cries—that was levell'd at me.

SONG XVI.

Tune,—*London Ladies.*

IF you at an office solicit your due,
 And would not have matters neglected ;
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
 To what his duty directed.
 Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
 She too has this palpable failing,
 The perquisite softens her into consent ;
 That reason with all is prevailing.

SONG XVII.

Tune,—*Packington's Pound.*

THUS gamesters united in friendship are found,
 Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat,
 They flock to their prey at the dice box's sound,
 And join to promote one another's deceit ;

But if by mishap,
 They fail of a chap,
 To keep in their hands, they each other entrap :
 Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
 They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

SONG XVIII.

Tune,—*Lillibulero*.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
 That a true friend can hardly be met ;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true you find,
 Some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
 In sorrowful ditty,
 They promise, they pity
 But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

SONG XIX.

Tune,—*Down in the North Country, &c.*

WHAT gudgeons are we men !
 Every woman's easy prey,
 Though we have felt the hook, agen
 We bite and they betray.
 The bird that hath been trapt,
 When he hears his calling mate,
 To her he flies, again he's clapt
 Within the wiry grate.

SONG XX.

Tune,—*A Cbler there was, &c.*

OURSELVES, like the great, to secure a retreat,
 When matters require it, must give up our gang :
 And good reason why,
 Or instead of the fry,
 Ev'n Peachum and I
 Like poor petty rascals might hang, hang ;
 Like poor pretty rascals, might hang.

SONG XIX.

Tune—*Green Sleeves.*

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,
 To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
 I wonder we han't better company,
 Upon Tyburn tree !
 But gold from law can take out the sting,
 And if rich men like us were to swing,
 'Twould thin the land such numbers to string,
 Upon Tyburn tree !

ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

I.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was she,
 Blyth was she but and ben ;
 And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.
 She took me in, and fet me down,
 And heght to keep me lawing free ;
 But, cunning carling that she was,
 She gart me birle my bawbie.

II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough ;
 But waes my heart my cash was done,
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 In started, to heeze up our hope,
 Young Andro with his cutty gun.

III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes well toasted brown,
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,
 They gare the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
 And ay the cleanest drinker out,
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

IV.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxters fat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a fappy kifs I gat.
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;
 But the blytheft lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

 SAILOR'S SONG.

How happy are we,
 Now the wind is abaft ;
 And the bo'fwain he pipes,
 Haul both your sheets aft.
 Steady, steady, says the master,
 It blows a fresh gale ;
 We'll soon reach our port, boys,
 If the wind does not fail.
 Then drink about Tom,
 Although the ship roll :
 Then drink about Tom,
 Although the ship roll :
 We'll save our rich liquor,
 We'll save, &c.
 By flinging our bowl,

 A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,
 With claret, canary, theorboe and voice ;
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,
 And all pleasure's ended when we are in dust.

In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

II.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of state,
That mouse trap of honour, and may game of fate;
For all his ambition, his freaks and his tricks,
He must die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx :
His plot against death's but a slender pretence,
Who'd take his place from him a hundred years hence!

III.

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground;
Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,
As if none were fit but the stars to attend her ;
Although she is pleasant, and sweet to the sense,
She'll be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

IV.

The right hearted soldier who's a stranger to fear,
Calls up all his spirits when danger is near ;
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
And hardily thinks it will ever remain;
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
To flourish his standard a hundred years hence.

V.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,
He buzzes and bumbles like a bee in the spring,
Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring;
'Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with pence,
He'll ne'er reach the market a hundred years hence.

VI.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling
strife,
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life ;
A suit which the client does wear out in slavery,
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his
knavery ;
'Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense,
He'll be non est inventus a hundred years hence.

VII.

The plush-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge;
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,
By the dregs of a piss pot, and the ruins of health:
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,
He'll be turn'd into a mummy a hundred years hence.

VIII.

The meagre-chopp'd usurer, who in hundreds gets
twenty,
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty;
Lays up for a season he never will see,
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three:
He must change all his houses, his lands, and his rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

IX.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions;
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour,
Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,
Knows not what will become of him a hundred years
hence.

X.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,
And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,
Must to the caprice of fortune submit;
Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit:
Thus health, wealth, and beauty, wit, learning, and
sense,
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

XI.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in fears,
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears?
Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,
And to drive away sorrow while vigour is lasting,
We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from thence
Have brats to succeed us a hundred years hence.

XXI.

The true-hearted mason, who acts on the square,
 And lives within compass by rules that are fair ;
 Whilst honour and conscience approve all his deeds,
 As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,
 With friendship and love, discretion and sense,
 Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence,

JOHNNY FAA, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
 And vow but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very compleat,
 That down came the fair lady.

II.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her ;
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
 They coost the glamer o'er her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie ;
 For if kith an kin, and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

IV.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
 And my good lord beside me ;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

V.

Come to your bed, says Johnny Faa,
 Oh come to your bed, my deary :
 For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

VI.

I'll go to bed to my Johnny Faa,
 I'll go to bed to my deary ;
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

VII.

I'll make a hap to my Johny Faa,
 And I'll mak a hap to my deary,
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

VIII.

And when our lord came hame at een,
 And spier'd for his fair lady,
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
 She's away with the gypsie laddie.

IX.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
 Gae saddle and make him ready;
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.

X.

And we were fifteen well made men;
 Altho' we were nae bonny:
 And we were a' put down for ane,
 A fair young wanton lady.

 OLD CHIRON.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,
 I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the fate's will is:
 You, my boy, must go
 (The gods will have it so)
 To the siege of Troy;
 Thence never to return to Greece again,
 But before those walls to be slain.

II.

Let not your noble courage be cast down,
 But all the while you ly before the town,
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry:
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

I.

SUM up all the delights
 This world does produce,
 The darling allurements
 Now chiefly in use,
 You'll find if compar'd,
 There's none can contend,
 With the solid enjoyments
 Of a bottle and friend.

II.

For honour, for wealth,
 For beauty may waste ;
 These joys often fade,
 And rarely do last ;
 They're so hard to attain,
 And so easily lost,
 That the pleasure ne'er answers
 The trouble and cost.

III.

None but wine and true friendship
 Are lasting and sure,
 From jealousy free,
 And from envy secure ;
 Then fill all the glasses
 Until they run o'er,
 A friend and good wine
 Are the charms we adore.

DUNT, DUNT, PITTIE, PATTIE.

Tune,—*Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

I.

ON Whitsunday morning
 I went to the fair,
 My yellow-hair'd laddie
 Was selling his ware ;

He gied me sic a blythe blink
With his bonny black eye,
And a dear blink, and a fair blink
It was unto me.

II.

I wist not what ail'd me
When my laddie came in,
The little wee starnies
Flew ay frae my een ;
And the sweat it dropt down
Frae my very eye-brie,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

III.

I wist not what ail'd me
When I went to my bed,
I tossed and tumbled,
And sleep frae me fled.
Now its sleeping and waking
He's ay in my eye,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

ROGER AND DOLLY.

As Dolly was milking of the cows,
Young Roger came tripping it over the plain,
And made unto her most delicate bows,
And then he went tripping it back again,
My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,
My pretty sweet Roger, come back again,
For it is your company that I do lack,
Or else my poor heart will burst in twain.
I winna come back, nor I canna come back ;
I wonot, I cannot ; no, no, not I :
And if 'tis my company that you do lack,
You may lack it until the day you die.

Oh! do you not mind the curds and cream,
And many a bottle of good March beer?
When you was going along with your team?
And then it was Dolly my own sweet dear.
But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &c.

THE INVOCATION.

I.

YE powers that o'er mankind preside,
And pity human woes,
My steps to some retirement guide,
That no disturbance knows.
Ye powers, &c.

II.

There let my soul forget her pain,
Restor'd to blissful peace again;
Nor e'er resign the calm retreat,
To feel the sorrows of the great.
To feel the sorrows of the great.

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

I.

VIRGINS, if e'er at last it prove,
My destiny to be in love,
Pray with me this good fate:
May wit and prudence be my guide,
And may a little decent pride
My actions regulate.

II.

If e'er I an amour commence,
May it be with a man of sense,
And learned education;
May all courtship easy be,
Neither too formal nor too free,
But wisely shew his passion.

III.

May his estate be like to mine,
 That nothing look like a design
 To bring us into sorrow.
 Grant me but this that I have said,
 And willingly I'll live a maid
 No longer than to-morrow.

 STILL HE'S THE MAN.

I.

WHAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,
 Yet do all I can,
 I find I love him, and though he flies me,
 Still,—still he's the man.
 They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear ;
 When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?
 So when you have said all you can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid
 So civil a man?
 The next day I found to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind ;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still,—still he's the man.

III.

All the world bids me beware of his art :
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I doubt he's the man !
 So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
 He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can,
 He,—still is the man.

AN OLD CATCH.

Now God be wi' old Symon,
 For he made cans to many a one,
 And a good old man was he ;
 And Jenken was his journeyman,
 And he cou'd tipple off ev'ry can,
 And thus he said to me :
 To whom drink you, Sir knave ?
 Turn the timber like the lave ;
 Ho ! jolly Jenken,
 I spy a knave in drinking ;
 Come, troll the bowl to me.

THE COBLER'S MERITS.

Tune,—*Charming Sally.*

Of all the trades from east to west,
 The cobbler's past contending,
 Is like in time to prove the best,
 Which every day is mending.
 How great his praise who can amend
 The soals of all his neighbours,
 Nor is unmindful of his end,
 But to his last he labours.

THE COBLER'S HAPPINESS.

Tune,—*Come let us prepare.*

D.

LET matters of state,
 Disquiet the great,
 The cobbler has nought to perplex him ;
 Has nought but his wife
 To ruffle his life,
 And her he can strap, if she vex him.

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T

II.

He's out of the pow'r
 Of Fortune, that whore,
 Since low as can be she has thrust him ;
 From duns he's secure,
 For being so poor,
 There's none to be found that will trust him.

THE HONOURABLE SUPPORT.

Tune,—*The milking-pail.*

I HATE the coward tribes,
 Who, by mean sneaking bribes,
 By tricks and disguise,
 By flattery and lies,
 To power and grandeur rise.
 Like heroes of old,
 Be still greatly bold ;
 Let the sword your cause support.
 Never learn to fawn,
 And never be drawn
 Your truth to pawn
 Among the spawn
 Who practise the frauds of courts.

SELF, THE PRIME MOVER.

Tune,—*Hunt the Squirrel.*

THE world is always jarring,
 This is pursuing
 T' other man's ruin ;
 Friends with friends are warring
 In a false cowardly way.
 Spurr'd on by emulations,
 Tongues are engaging,
 Calumny raging,
 Murders reputations,
 Envy keeps up the fray.

Thus, with burning heat,
 Each returning hate
 Wounds and robs his friends
 In civil life ;
 Even man and wife
 Squabble for selfish ends.

THE SPOTLESS VIRGIN.

Tune,—*My deary if thou die.*

PURE as the new-fallen snow appears
 The spotless virgin's fame,
 Unfully'd white her bosom bears
 As fair her form and fame ;
 But when she's foil'd, her lustre greets
 Th' admiring eye no more ;
 She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,
 And swells the common-shore.

THE WORTH OF WINE.

Tune,—*Let's be jovial.*

I.

'Tis wine that clears the understanding,
 Makes men learn'd withoutten books ;
 It fits the general for commanding,
 And gives sgers fiercer looks.
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
 Heightens beauties of the fair ;
 Truth from falsehood it discovers,
 Quickens joys, and conquers care.
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

III.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
 Fit us for all glorious things ;
 When rais'd by Bacchus we aspire
 At flights above the reach of kings.
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

IV.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
 Be each glass a bumper crown'd ;
 None to flinch till they be empty,
 And full fifty toasts gone round.
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

 WOMEN COMPARED TO CHINA.

Tune,—*Pinks und Lilies.*

A WOMAN'S ware, like china,
 Now cheap, now dear is bought ;
 When whole, though worth a guinea,
 When broke's not worth a groat.
 When broke, &c.

A woman at St. James's,
 With hundreds you obtain ;
 But stay till lost her fame is,
 She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.
 She'll be cheap, &c.

 SLOW MEN OF LONDON.

I.

THERE were three lads in our town,
 Slow men of London ;
 They courted a widow was bonny and brown,
 Yet they left her undone.

II.

They often tasted the widow's cheer,
 Slow men of London ;
 Yet the widow was never the near,
 For still they left her undone.

III.

They went to work without their tools,
 Slow men of London ;
 The widow she sent them away like fools,
 Because they left her undone.

IV.

Blow, ye winds, and come down, rain,
 Slow men of London ;
 They never shall woo this widow again,
 Because they left her undone.

 FOLLOW YOUR LEADERS.

To the foregoing Tune.

THE manners of the great affect ;
 Stint not your pleasure :
 If conscience had their genius checkt,
 How got they treasure ?
 The more in debt, run in debt the more,
 Careless who is undone ;
 Morals and honesty leave the poor,
 As they do at London.

 THE PIMP AND POLITICIAN PARALLELS.

'Tune,—'Twas within a Furlong of Edinburgh Town.

IN pimps and politicians
 The genius is the same :
 Both raise their own conditions
 On others guilt and shame :
 With a tongue well tipt with lies
 Each the want of parts supplies.
 And with a heart that's all disguise
 Keeps his schemes unknown.
 Seducing as the devil,
 They play the tempter's part,
 And have, when most they're civil,
 Most mischief in their heart.
 Each a secret commerce drives,
 First corrupts and then connives,
 And by his neighbour's vices thrives,
 For they are all his own.

PHILANDER AND AMORET.

I.

WHEN gay Philander fell a prize
To Amoretta's conquering eyes,
He took his pipe, he sought the plain,
Regardless of his growing pain,
And resolutely bent to wrest
The bearded arrow from his breast.

II.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,
Be Cupid and his bow defy'd ;
But as the gales obsequious flew,
With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat
The breath of Amoret is sweet.

III.

His pipe again the shepherd try'd,
And warbling nightingales reply'd ;
Their sounds in rival measures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove :
His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,
The voice of Amoret is sweet.

IV.

Since every fair and lovely view
The thoughts of Amoret renew,
From flow'ry lawn and shady green
To prospect gloomy change the scene :
Sad change for him ! for sighing there,
He thought of lovers in despair.

V.

Convinc'd, the sad Philander cries,
Now, cruel god, assert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains :
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
These lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's lays are sweet.

THE WIT AND THE BEAUX.

Tune,—*Bright Aurelia.*

I.

WITH every grace young Strephon chose
 His person to adorn,
 That by the beauties of his face
 In Sylvia's love he might find place,
 And wonder'd at her scorn.

II.

With bows and smiles he did his part,
 But, oh! 'twas all in vain;
 A youth less fine, a youth of art,
 Had talk'd himself into her heart,
 And would not out again.

III.

With change of habits Strephon prefs'd,
 And urg'd her to admire;
 In love alone the other dress'd,
 As verse or prose became it best,
 And mov'd her soft desire.

IV.

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,
 Or makes it to his glass;
 There in himself now seeks amends,
 Convinc'd, that where a wit pretends,
 A beau is but an ass.

 THE NURSE'S SONG.
Tune,—*Yellow Stockings.*

I.

HEY! my kitten, a-kitten,
 Hey! my kitten, a-deary;
 Such a sweet pett as this
 Is neither far nor neary:
 Here we go up, up, up;
 Here we go down, down, downy;
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy,

II.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock ;
See, fee, sic a downy ;
Gallop, a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for Dublin towny.
This pig went to the market ;
Squeek, mause, mause, mousy ;
Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol doufy.

III.

Where was a jewel and petty,
Where was a fugar and spicy ;
Hush a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
Did a papa torment it ?
Did-e vex his own baby ? did-e ?
Hush a baba in a bosie ;
Take ous own sucky : did-e ?

IV.

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke ;
Slavers a thread o' crystal,
Now the sweet posset comes up ;
Who said my child was piss'd all ?
Come water my chickens, come clock,
Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you ;
Come, gi'e me your hand, and I'll beat him :
Wha was it vexed my baby ?

V.

Where was a laugh and a craw ;
Where was, was, was a gigling honey ?
Goody, good child shall be fed,
But naughty child shall get nony.
Get ye gone raw-head and bloody-bones,
Here is a child that won't fear ye.
Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

THE MAGPYE.

I.

Good people draw near,
A story ye's hear,
A story both pleasant and true ;
Which happened of late,
And's not out of date,
I am going to tell it to you.

II.

It was an old cobler,
Who soal'd shoes at Dubler,
And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley ;
And then with his wife,
As dear as his life,
When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

III.

This cobler, they say,
Being drunk on a day,
His wife she did murmur and chat ;
This cobler, they say,
Did thrash her that day,
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

IV.

He had a magpye
That was very fly,
And us'd for to murmur and chat ;
Who soon got the tone,
Before it was long,
Of, What a pox wad ye be at ?

V.

And this magpye,
Who was so very fly,
He into a meeting-house gat ;
And as the old parson
Was canting his lesson,
Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

VI.

The parson surpris'd;
 Did lift up his eyes :
 Now help us, pray, Father, in need :
 For Satan, I fear,
 Does visit us here ;
 So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

VII.

The parson again
 Began to explain
 To those around him that sat ;
 But Magpie indeed
 Flew over his head,
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at ?

VIII.

Then the parson did skip,
 Five yards at a leap,
 From his pulpit quite down to the floor ;
 And left every faint,
 Quite ready to faint
 Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

IX.

Then some without hats,
 And some without hoods,
 Then out of the meeting-house gat :
 And Magpie happ'd after,
 Which caus'd much laughter,
 Crying, What a pox wad ye be at ?

X.

Then a sanctify'd soul,
 Who thought to controul,
 Look'd Magpie quite full in the face,
 Said, Satan, How dare
 You thus to appear
 In this our sanctify'd place ?

XI.

But Magpie he pranc'd,
 He skipp'd and he danc'd,
 And out of the meeting-house gat,

And all the way long,
He kept up his song,
Of, What a pox wad ye be at !

A GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRINKING.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to excess ;
I should not want to drown despair,
Were your indifference less.
Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
When this excuse is gone,
That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy ;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

MASON'S SONG,

Tune,—*Leave off your foolish prattling.*

I.

WE have no idle prattling,
Of either Whig or Tory ;
But each agrees
To live at ease,
And sing, or tell a story.

CHORUS.

Fill to him, to the brim ;
Let it round the table roll ;
The divine tells you, wine
Cheers the body and the soul.

II.

We will be men of pleasure,
Despising pride or party ;
Whilst knaves and fools
Prescribe us rules,
We are sincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

III.

If any are so foolish,
 To whine for courtier's favour,
 We'll bind him o'er
 To drink no more
 Till he has a better favour.
 Fill to him, &c.

IV.

If an accepted mason
 Should talk of high or low church,
 We'll fet him down
 A shallow crown,
 And understanding no church.
 Fill to him, &c.

V.

The world is all in darknefs,
 About us they conjecture;
 But little think
 A song in drink
 Succeeds the mason's lecture.
 Fill to him, &c.

VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hog'shead,
 And in the corner place it;
 'Till it rebound
 With hollow sound
 Each mason here shall face it.
 Fill to him, &c.

 THE FRUGAL MAID.

I.

I AM a poor maiden forsaken,
 Yet I bear a contented mind;
 I am a poor maiden forsaken,
 Yet I'll find another more kind:
 For altho' I be forsaken,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
 I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two'r three strings to my bow.

II.

I own that once I lov'd him,
 But his scorn I cou'd never endure,
 Nor yet to that height of perfection,
 For his flights to love him the more.
 I own he was very engaging,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
 I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I d two'r three strings to my bow.

III.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
 And are unto loving inclin'd,
 Mens minds they are subject to changing,
 And wavering like to the wind;
 Each object creates a new fancy:
 Then this I would have you to do;
 Be easy and free, and take pattern by me,
 And keep two'r three strings to your bow.

 DAMON'S PICTURE OF CELIA.

Tune,—*Down the burn, Davie.*

I.

Assist your vot'ry, friendly Nine,
 Inspire becoming lays;
 Cause Celia's matchless beauty shine,
 Till heaven and earth shall blaze.
 She's pleasant as returning light,
 Sweet as the morning rays;
 When Phœbus quells the shades of night]
 And brings the chearful day.

II.

Her graceful forehead's wondrous fair,
 As purest air serene;
 No gloomy passion rising there,
 O'ercast the peaceful scene:
 Her small bright eye-brows finely bend,
 Transport darts from her eyes;

The sparkling diamond they transcend,
Or stars which gem the skies.

III.

A rising blush of heavenly dye
O'er her fair cheek still glows ;
Her shining locks in ringlets lie,
Well shap'd and fix'd her nose ;
Her smiling lips are lovely red,
Like roses newly blown ;
Her iv'ry teeth (for most part hid)
You'd wish for ever shown.

IV.

Her snowy neck and breasts like glass,
Or polish'd marble smooth,
That nymphs in beauty far surpass
Who fir'd the Trojan youth ;
Her slender waist, white arm and hand,
Just symmetry does grace :
What's hid from these (if you demand)
Let lively fancy trace.

V.

A sprightly and angelic mind
Reigns in this comely frame,
With decent ease acts unconfin'd,
Inspires the whole like flame :
Minerva or Diana's state,
With Venus' softness join'd,
Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,
Love's rightful queen design'd.

VI.

Good gods ! what raptures fire my soul !
How flutters my fond heart !
When tender glances art controul,
And love suppress'd impart.
Propitious pow'rs, make Celia mine,
Complete my dawning bliss ;
At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,
Nor grudge their happiness.

THE NEW LIGHT.

I.

CELIA, now my heart hath broke
 The bond of your ungentle yoke,
 Dissolv'd the fetter of that chain
 By which I strove so long in vain :
 May I be flighted if I e'er
 Am caught again within your snare.
 Am caught, &c.

II.

In vain you spread your treach'rous net,
 In vain your wily snares are set ;
 The birds can now your arts espy,
 And, arm'd with caution, from them fly :
 Some heedless swain your prey may be,
 But faith, you're too well known to me.
 But faith, &c.

III.

I with contempt can now despise
 The treach'rous follies of your eyes,
 And with contempt can sit and hear
 You prattle nonsense half a year,
 And go away as little mov'd
 As you were lately when I lov'd.
 As you, &c.

IV.

I wonder what the plague it was
 Made me such a stupid ass,
 To fancy such a noble grace
 In your language, mien and face,
 Where now I nothing more can find
 Than what I see in all your kind.
 Than what, &c.

V.

Thus when the drowsy god of sleep,
 Upon our wearied fancies creep,
 Some headless piece of image rise,
 By fancies form'd delude our eyes :

But soon as e'er the god of day
Appears, they faint and die away.
Appears, they, &c.

THE FICKLE FIX'D.

I.

My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry place I found a dart.

II.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye that gave the fatal stroke,
Till by her wit Corinna fav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

III.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish:
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

IV.

For here the false unconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTS WORDS.

A', all
Albeit, albeit
Aboon, above
Ae, one
Aff, off
Aften, often
Aik, oak
Ain, own
Aith, oath
Air, early
Ajee, aside
Alane, alone
Amaist, almost
Ambry, cup-board
Ane, one
Anither, another
Awa, away
Auld, old
Ayont, beyond

B

BA', ball
Baith, both
Bane, bone
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Bannocks, oat-bread
Baps, roll-bread
Bawm, balm
Bauk, baulk
Bedrals, beadles
Beet, to help or repair
Bend, to drink
Bennison, blessing
Bent, the open fields
Bewith, somewhat in the
 mean time
Birks, birch
Bigg, build
Billy, brother
Binging, becking, bend-
 ing
Blate, bashful
Blaw, blow
Bleeze, blaze
Blink, glance of the eye
Blutter, blunder
Bode, predict
Bodin, stored
Bot or But, without
U 3

EXPLANATION OF

Bougils, founding horns	Clat, a rake
Bountith, a gratuity	Claihs, cloaths
Bowt, bolt	Clashe, tittle tattle
Brachen, a sort of broth	Clock, a beetle
Brae, rising ground	Cockernony, the hair
Brankit, primm'd up	bound up
Braid, broad	Cod, a pillow
Brander, a gridiron	Coft, bought
Braw, finely drest	Cogg, a wooden dish
Broach, a buckle	Coof, a blockhead
Brack, broken parts, or refuse	Coots, joint of the an- cle
Brow, the forehead	Courchea, or Curtchea, a handkerchief
Bruik, to love or enjoy	Crack, to boast
Bught, sheep-fold	Creel, basket, or ham- per
Burnist, polished	Crocks, lean sheep
Burn, a rivulet	Croft, corn-land
Busk, to deck	Crouse, brisk, bold
But and ben, be out and be in	Crowdy-mowdy, a sort of gruel
Byer, a cow-house	Crummy, a cow's name
C	Cunzie, coin
CA', call,	D
Cadgie, chearful	DAFFIN, folly, wan- tonness
Caff, calf, Id. chaff	Daft, mad, foolish
Canna, cannot,	Dawt, fondle, caress
Canker'd, angry	Dight, to wipe,
Canny, cautious, lucky	Dinna, do not
Carlings, old women, Id. boil'd pease	Ding, beat
Cauld, cold	Dool, trouble
Cauler, cool, fresh	Dofend, frozen, cold
Cawk, chalk	
Clag, failing or imper- fection	

THE SCOTS WORDS

Dorty, haughty
 Dow, can, Id. dove
 Downa, cannot
 Dowf, spiritless
 Doughtna, could not
 Dowy, weary, lonely
 Drant, to speak flow
 Dramock, cold gruel
 Drap, drop
 Dwining, decaying
 Dunting, beating
 Dulce and tangle, sea-plants
 Durk, a dagger

E

EARD, earth
 Een, eyes
 Eild, age
 Eith, easy
 Elding, fewel
 Eem, cousin
 Ettle, aim
 Eydent, diligent

F

FA', fall
 Fadge, a coarse sort of roll-bread
 Fae, foe
 Fand, found
 Fangle, Newfangle, fond of what's new
 Farles, thin oat-cakes
 Fash, trouble
 Faufe, false

Faut, fault
 Fee, wages
 Feirs, brothers
 Fendy, active, industrious
 Fenzie, fain
 Ferley, wonder
 Fey, attended by a fatality.
 Flee, fly
 Flouks, flounders
 Flyte, to scold
 Fog, moss
 Fore, to the fore, in being or lasting
 Fouth, plenty
 Frae, from
 Fraising, babling with a foolish wonder
 Fou, or fu', full

G

GAB, the mouth
 Gabbocs, large mouthfuls
 Gaberlunzie, a wallet that hangs on the side or loin
 Gae, gave, Id. go
 Gane, gone
 Gar, make or cause
 Gawfy, jolly, large
 Gate, way
 Gawn, going
 Gaw'd, gall'd, Id. goad
 Gawky, empty, foolish

EXPLANATION OF

Gawnt, to yawn
 Geck, to float and jeer
 Genty, small and neat
 Gin and gif, if
 Glaive, a sword
 Glaikit, idle and rom-
 pish
 Glee, joy
 Gleed, squinting
 Glen, a hollow between
 hills
 Gloyd, an old horse
 Glowr, to stare
 Gowk, the cuckow. Id.
 a fool
 Gowping, handful
 Graip, to grope, Id. a
 trident fork for dung
 Graith, accoutrements
 Grots, skinn'd oats
 Gutcher, grandfather,

H

HA', hall
 Hae, have
 Haf, half
 Hagies, a boil'd pudding
 made of a sheep's pluck
 minc'd with sewet
 Halucket, light-headed,
 whimsical
 Hale, whole
 Haly, holy
 Hame, home

Hames and brechomes,
 wore about the neck
 of a cart-horse
 Hawse, embrace
 Heese, to lift
 Hecht, promised
 Heugh, any steep place
 Hoddle, to waddle in
 walking
 Hoden, coarse cloath
 Hows, hollows
 Howms, valleys on river
 sides

I

JEE, to jee back and a-
 gain, the motion of a
 balance
 Ill-far'd, ill-favoured, or
 ugly
 Ilka, each
 Ilka, every
 Ingle, fire
 Jo, sweet-heart
 Jouk, to bow
 Irk, weary or tir'd
 Irie, afraid of ghosts
 Ishogles, icicles
 Ise, I shall
 Ither, other

K

KAIRN, or Cairn, heaps
 of monumental stones

THE SCOTS WORDS.

Kail, coleworts, Id. broth
 Kame, comb
 Kebuck, a cheese
 Keek, peep
 Ken, know
 Kepp, to catch
 Kilted, tucked up
 Kirn, churn
 Kimmer, a she gossip
 Kirtle, upper petticoat
 Kurchie, handkerchief

L.

LAG, to fall behind
 Laigh, low
 Lane, own self
 Laith, loth
 Lapper'd, curdled
 Law, low
 Lawty, justice
 Lave, the rest
 Lee, fallow ground
 Leesome, lovely
 Leeze me, a phrase used
 when one loves or is
 pleased with a person
 Leil, exact
 Leugh, laughed
 Lib, to geld
 Lilt, a tune
 Linkan, to move quickly
 Loor, rather
 Loos, loves
 Loun, a sly wench
 Lout, to bow
 Lowan, flaming

Lown, calm
 Lucken, gathered together or close joined to one another
 Lyart, hoary, or grey

M.

MAIK, a mate
 Mair, more
 Maist, most
 Makna, it matters not
 Mane, moan
 March, limits or border of grounds
 Marrow, match
 Maun, must
 Mawking, a hare
 Mavis, the thrush
 Meikle or Muckle, much
 Meise, move
 Mends, revenge
 Menfe, manners. Id. to decorate
 Menzie, a company or retinue
 Milfy, a search for milk
 Mint, attempt
 Minny, mother
 Mirk, dark
 Mons-meg, a very large iron cannon in the castle of Edinburgh, capable of holding two people
 Mou, mouth

EXPLANATION OF

Moup, to eat as wanting teeth	Pine, pain Pith, strength
Mouter, the miller's toll	Plet, to fold. Id. twist
Muck, dung	Poortith, poverty
Matches, linen quoifs or hoods	Pou, or Pu, well Powfowdy, ram head soup

N.

NA' and Nae, no, none	Prig, haggle
Nane, none	Prive, to prove, or taste

Nees, nose

Neist, next

Neither, starve or pinch

Nowther, neither

O.

OE, grand-child

Ony, any

Owrly, a cravat

Owsen, oxen

Oxter, arm-pit

P.

PANTREY, a buttery

Partans, crab-fish

Pat, put

Pawky, cunning

Paunches, tripe

Peat pot, peat coal pit

Fibroch, a highland tune

Pickle, a small share

Pig, earthen pot

Pillar, stool of repen-
tance

R.

RAIR, roar

Rashes, rushes

Red up, put in order

Renzie, rein

Rever, robber

Riffarts, radishes

Rife, plenty

Riggs, ridges

Row, roll

Rowth, wealth,

Rude, cross

Runkled, wrinkled

Rung, a club

Ruse or roose, to praise

S.

SAE, so

Saft, soft

Sair, sore

Sawt, salt

Seim, appearances

Sell, self

Sey, try

Shanna, shall not

THE SCOTS WORDS.

Shangy-mouth'd or she-	Starns, stars
vilgabbit, the mouth	Steek, shut
much to one side	Stend, stalk hastily
Sharn, cow-dung	Stirk, a young bullock
Shaw, show, Id. a woody	Stoup, a prop
bank	Strae, straw
Shoo, a shoe	Streek, stretch
Shoon, shoes	Stenzie, to strain
Shore, to threaten	Swats, small ale
Shire, thin	Sweer, unwilling, lazy
A shire lick, a smart	Swither, in doubt
fellow	Seybows, young onions
Sic, or sick, such	Syne, then
Sican, such an one	
Sin, or syne, such	
Sindle, seldom,	
Simsyne, since that time	
Skair, share	
Skaith, harm, loss	
Skink, strong soup	
Sma', small	
Snack, smart	
Snaw, snow	
Sneist, to snarl	
Snishing, snuff	
Snood, a head band	
Snug, convenient, neat	
Sodden, boiled	
Sonfy, fortunate, jolly	
Sowens, a kind of fower-	
ed gruel, boiled like paste	
Soum, of sheep 20	
Spake, spoke	
Speer, to ask	
Spelding, dried white fish	
Stane, stone	

	T.
TAE, toe	
Tald, told	
Taiken, token	
Tane, taken, Id. the one	
Tap, top	
Taulk, talk	
Thae, those	
Tent, notice	
Theyse, they shall	
Thole, to suffer	
Thowless, spiritless	
Thud, noise of a stroke	
Tine, lose	
Tint, lost	
Titter, rather	
Tocher, dowry,	
Tooly, fight, contend	
Todlen, a rolling short	
step	
Touzle, to ruffle	
Trig, neat	

EXPLANATION, &c.

Trow, believe	Whatrecks, what matters
Triste, appointment	it
Twin, to part from	Whilk, which
	Whinging, whinning
	Whisht, hold your peace
	Whillywha, a cheat, or bite
	Wilks, periwinkles
	Win, or won, dwell
	Winna, will not
	Winsome, handsome
	Wist, known
	Withershins, to move con-
	trary
	Woo, wool,
	Wood, mad
	Woody, a withy
	Wow, wonderful! Id. ah!
	Wylie, cunning
	Wyson, the gullet
	Wyte, to blame
	Unco, very strange
	Y.
	Yad, a mare
	Yese, ye shall
	Yern, desire
	Yestreen, yesternight.

FINIS.

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bite

con-

ah!